



(Cover by young nature fearing Josh Mast)

LUCHA! from JAPAN! LUCHA! from the STATES! LUCHA! from MEXICO! The MMA YEAR IN REVIEW! SUPER 8 2003! RYUKI UYAMA! CHUCK E SMOOTH! SUPER DRAGON! A FORGOTTEN ROYAL RUMBLE! MERRY FUCKING CHRISTMAS!!!

WELCOME TO THE DEATH VALLEY DRIVER VIDEO REVIEW #144!

Oh Yeah. This is going to kill some trees when you print it out. Some reviews are older than others. Everything brings the funny. And then you will bring the hate. And we will all bask in the wrestling discussion. Oh, who to leadoff this week... hmmm..... What About Raven?

~!~

OMLL - 10/11/03 - Chicago, Illinois

(by Raven Mack)

TIME PAGE vs. WIZZAR

Unfortunately, the beer-drinking I do accompanying these reviews is not a work; I am actually that stupid. I state that as a preface here because I am about to dip my little drink-happy

eyeballs into what translates as the Organization of Mexican Lucha Libre that has been running in a brick building in Chicago for a few months now. I can tell you, daylight savings time alterations gave me an extra hour of sleep, it is a rainy Sunday afternoon, I hate any job in general and my job in particular, I have immense fears about being the primary breadwinner of a soon-to-be four-member household, we're gonna need some more firewood pretty fast, considering the old wives tale of you getting as many big snows in the winter as you got heavy fogs in August foretold we're fucked by the white stuff real soon-like this year, and I'm just generally uneasy about everything globally and locally, from Syrian/Israeli escalations of world wars that are basically a derivative of the second world war as that crazy Hitler created a completely fucked over Jewish group that the World felt bad enough about to create a safe haven for, in the midst of crazy brown men, and that's been percolating over top of valuable oil fields ever since, all the way down to the stupid power plant the local supervisors railroaded through a few years ago down the road starting to crank up it's power-generating evilness for the northeast in a few months, and a couple of those shitty supervisors on the take from the Tenaska Corporation running for meager things like the Fluvanna County Treasurer, and I ain't giving them the satisfaction. Shit, I scared my friends' kids one night while drunkenly threatening to take a chainsaw and cut down the playground over by the library when I found out Tenaska "donated" it to the community after the brouhaha over them coming to our area, polluting it, producing power, and sending it off to other people and not us. We get the coughs and weakened bone structure from living in the midst of giant powerlines, and fuckers in New Jersey can run their bread machines and computers and DVD player and washer and dryer and oven and heat pump all at once without any blinks in their service when they plug in the camcorder to videotape little Mikey Junior putting on his dad's jean jacket from back in the day and a red bandana and playing electric guitar on a tennis racket while The Boss is singing about everybody having a hungry heart. So I can assure you, the wonderful back alley stylings of authentic lucha libre by way of the heavy Hispanic tinge of Chi-town, is just what the doctor ordered, and will probably trigger heavy binge-drinking by me here and now, to push all those normal man fears and worries down for a few hours. And isn't that what the fuck the professional wrestling is supposed to be about anyways? Time Page is a skinny white guy who establishes his rudosity by spitting water on the crowd as soon as he walks in from whatever the other room might be. I imagine it to be small, with some alley-score couches, and lots of graffiti on the walls, with a cooler full of Tecate in the cans. Holy fuck, his opponent is Wizzar, who carries a silver ball on a stick and has a grey beard and longhair and holy shit. This is the greatest wrestling match ever. Grey and white facepaint and outfit, complete with glitter adornment, makes for the perfect tecnico for a crowd of midwestern drunken latinos. "Una pregunta, what the hell are you man?" says Time Page, a gringo loco, and all Wizzar does is start clapping his hands and stomping his foot – he is obviously the super-holy offspring of a Jimmy Valiant on-acid encounter with a Chicago-land groupie in the late '70s while Hawkwind still had Lemmy and they were locked in hallucinogenic love battle with Doremi Fasol Latido as the soundtrack. Time Page is stalling and refusing to wrestle this freak, obviously influenced by CM Punk's local heel work. Wizzar stomps around and gets the love of the children, and NAILS THE HIPTOSS MOTHERFUCKER! Time Page is the King of the stall, and Wizzar is oblivious to the stifling and trifling ten-count nature of this World we call home. They do a couple of normally fast familiar lucha segments, but they do it amazingly slow, only for Time Page to take the upper

hand and put a squash to that with a wicked clothesline. After a missed senton legdrop by Wizzar, Time Page goes to the top and nails the weak-looking senton for the curtain-jerker victory, since this was A UNA CAIDA. No, wait, it's not. We've got more action, with Wizzar doing the greatest Boogie Man epileptic seizure selling of a beatdown seen in a wrestling ring in years. Time Page quickly takes the second fall too, and that is that. The door they go to the back through has a giant hole knocked through it and scribbling all over it – the sign of quality indy wrestling. God Bless America and it's wrestling and the wonderful influence of our foreign neighbors to the South who come here for prosperity and all they get is playa hated by the White Man and accused of all sorts of mean, nasty, vile activities, yet they do their job and enjoy their soccer and want their very own wrestling style to be here in their new home – they are the true Salt of the Earth, and I love them. Working construction sites again has been nice for many reasons, but one of them is being around the Simple Man lyrical nature of the working class Mexican outlaw immigrant. The first Mexicanos I ever worked with were these two brothers, Javier and Chino, and Jav was a straight-up player, loving on all women, and Chino was probably the most genuinely nicest guys I've ever known in my life. Well, they had family in Chicago and tried to talk me into going with them for a week-long visit, telling me about the wonderful Latino part of town and how much I'd love it, but I couldn't do it. Bullshitting on the job site with a couple of Mexican dudes was one thing, but my taking my limited Spanish-speaking ass to a strange city, and I feared finding myself in a room full of fifteen guys easily speaking a language I was struggling with, and I could see joints dipped in strange liquids being passed around and my leg starting to twitch pretty bad and me thinking I could hear my heart beating too fast and looking up, in that state, and fifteen dudes laughing and roto-toto-totoing at me, and it, in my paranoid mind, could've gotten real ugly. Javier married a chick who opened a Mexican restaurant in Richmond, so he always has sponsorship for his rec-league soccer team now. When his youngest brother finally flamed out in Mexican minor league futbol, Jav got him a job painting with the old crew in Richmond, to have his brother closer and to have a ringer for his soccer team. That particular crew I worked with was run by upstate New Yorker white dudes who moved to Richmond, and they had a softball team, and going to their softball game, with a bunch of "yo"s and beers and garish women who were supposed to be fawned over by any red-blooded male, shit, that paled (no pun intended) in comparison to Javier and Chino's soccer games, which were like a block party. Stupid white people, compromising their soul for wealth.

VIENTO MAYA vs. EL TIGRE

"Jump" by Van Halen cranks up and out comes El Tigre. Mask? Check. Tassles? Check. Tiger stripes on trunks? Check. What color motif? White and black, simple yet elegant. His opponent is Viento Maya, who sports a mighty beer gut and a nifty little mask of his own. Both men have hair coming out the back ends of their masks, suggesting they are loungin' motherfuckers. Tigre is your tecnico, being an indy version of El Felino, who must have friends to the left of the handheld I'm watching, since he points and postures that way very often. Viento Maya looks as though he knows his way around a barroom fight, and the thing that strikes me about this show, two matches in, is it's just like CMLL lucha, the same slaps into the ropes and armdrags and whatnot, but two steps slower. I guess with no minor league lucha to really compare CMLL to, except AAA's nonsensical sports entertainment bullshit, you don't realize how fuckin' awesome CMLL is. Maya gets way the fuck up in the air for an nice spear kick to the tiger gullet. These

OMLL guys had Scorpio Jr. in one time, and I'm a huge Scorpio Jr. mark and it's wonderful to imagine him in this sleazy little den of wrestling. Tigre takes the first fall, and again I'm confused because they play the entrance music of the winner after each fall. Viento Maya attempts to lure El Tigre out the ring, but he ain't having it. I wonder if El Tigre has "Jump" as his music because he's a huge Art Barr fan, or because he legitimately is all about old Van Halen? Either way is good by me, and I imagine a great documentary could've been made if in 1989, you put David Lee Roth and Art Barr on a school bus converted into a travel sleeper recreational vehicle, gave them plenty of per diem to abuse things with, and filmed the whole escapades with the promise of never showing it to the public until all statute of limitations ran out or they both died, whichever came first. Powerbomb into a Monterrey crab by Viento for the submission ending second fall. And he's on El Tigre with the Mexican whip, but instead of bouncing back, Tigre goes over the top rope, all while holding his back, completely legitimately selling the enduring agony of that submission maneuver. There are also some sweet brown honies against the far wall, watching the action. I love brown-skinned women. My wife's dad claims to be all-white, but he has some Mediterranean blood of some sort in him, which gave him the soul to be a touring big band horn player during the sixties, but also gave his daughter that wonderful sun-baked complexion that has helped cause me to fill her belly with babies two times and counting. AWESOME! Viento starts to bust out a couple lucha-kooky submissions, and I love him even more. Tigre ain't afraid to play that game too, but wait, Tigre is untying the mask of Viento in very untecnico-ey fashion. If TV wrestling has taught me anything, I imagine this will lead to a sudden third fall disqualification of El Tigre somewhere further in this match. Ahh, trickiness, as Viento hits a sit-down powerbomb, but his mask comes off in the process, so rather than hold on for the pin, he is forced to struggle to keep his mask on, and when he does it get back on properly, he covers for the final fall. Very odd finish to that one, but more importantly, beer gut beats out tassles in the battle for wrestling supremacy, at least this time. Wait, there's that Time Page bitch, attacking El Tigre post-match, giving him the ringside beat-down, just like a white man.

LANCER 2000/DISCOVERY vs. EL MOSCO/REY AZTECA

This here next match is Lancer 2000, teaming with some dude named Discovery, who is all swank in his light purple get-up, and they face off against El Mosco, who is wearing ski goggles over his mask, and Rey Azteca, with proper mariachi entrance music and bad upper arm tattoo and weird mask style which hybrids popular design styles of both today's post-Gen X days and '80s skater movie stereotype pre-zubaz. Discovery and El Mosco start the festivities, which makes me believe fuckin' Lancer Dos Mil and Rey Azteca are gonna destroy the World here in a few minutes. I love the spry springy pep in the ring that betrays the beer-gutted physique of your average luchador; it gives me hope of still being able to land a moonsault off the toolshed on something other than my brain. Discovery is actually pretty awesome within the brick backroom context of this match. Here we go, Lancer and Rey Azteca, and it's a quick lucha-style mat-based stand-off, until Azteca accelerates the rudoness and cheats to win, or at least take advantage. Severely botched jumping rana off the top rope by Lancer, but obviously Rey Azteca is a vet, because rather than sell the botch, he grabs one of the legs and acts like he meant to turn it into a legbar. Lancer actually goes for a pin, and has to tell the ref it's a pin so count, then dropkicks Azteca out the ring and hits a running senton off the apron for our first ringside diving

carnage of the evening, consummating the lucha. Discovery and Mosco are back in, and again, like the earlier matches, they're doing interesting lucha pieces of spots, but way slower. It's weird. Rey Azteca is back in, trying to get the handshake with Lancer, and the crowd yells "NON! NON! NON!" but Lancer gets sucker-punched anyways. Mosco gets in a nice punt kick to the back of Lancer, and...well, this is getting nice. Discovery gets stiff with Mosco, who falls out to allow Rey Azteca in the ring and they do the center ring chop the shit out of each other on the chest deal, with Lancer winning, and he nails a wicked stepover armbar submission for a minute while Lancer dives on Azteca and then works on some leg thingy, and first fall goes to los tecnicos, motherfucker, and Discovery is the goddamned king to Rey Azteca's minor league Dr. Wagner Jr.-flavored evil. Shit, I ran out of Old Milwaukeees, and rather than open that dreaded 12-pack of Miller High Life, I dug two wayward bottles of Natty Light out the back of the fridge that had gotten concealed by the jar of pickled beet eggs. Lancer Dos Mil is operating on all cylinders, high speed high impact, to start the second fall. Top rope plancha to the outside by him, seals the insanity. Once Discovery gets in after that, he is the victim of brutal heel teamwork, and Rey Azteca slaps an awesome crab on Discovery, and El Mosco basically holds Lancer's arms behind his back, and the ref sort of calls an end to the segunda caida even though Lancer is sitting there looking around like a little girl is holding his arms. Again, Discovery is suckered by Rey Azteca's handshaking offerings, this time on one knee with one hand behind his back, and while he does that, El Mosco runs in and grabs Discovery, leading to vicious chest-smacking of a rudo variety. This third fall is getting sloppy and convoluted as shit, but Rey Azteca slaps a camel clutch onto the young Lancer 2000, Discovery comes in, stands there looking at it for a good twenty seconds, then dropkicks Azteca in the face. Basically, this third fall has worked like this – one guy beats opponent, slaps him in a weak-looking submission hold, submittable guy's partner comes in the ring, stands there for about fifteen seconds until the ref sees him, then goes and kicks the holder of said submission move, repeat sequence, until all guys have cycled through twice. Mosco and Discovery are kicking each other in the thighs ringside, and your ref has lost all control. Now they wickedly slap each other in the face, and I knew this would get cool again. You can't have four dudes dressed like this and it not get totally motherfuckin' awesome again. Again, they stand there and smack the fuck out of each other's heads, only for Discovery to end it with brutal kicks to the kidneys. Discovery is so goddamned cool it's ridiculous. But then, again, we're back to that ridiculous cycle thing. AWESOME! Lancer throws out Mosco, then Discovery does the whip your partner into the ropes then throw him over the top dive move. Discovery gets Azteca in a submission hold, ref asks him to submit, but nothing comes of it, so, no shit, without making any motion to any bell ringer or time keeper or announcer, the ref just gets out the ring and goes to the back through a side door, and your announcer just sort of announces that the tecnicos won the match. I'm not sure if they actually booked the finishes, or just sort of winged it.

AGUILA DEL AMERICA/PRINCIPE FRANKY/EL DORADO vs. PODER BORICUA/MALEFICIO/AMERICA SALVAJE

Let's see here – the lights are out, strobes are going, Quiet Riot is playing on the P.A. – all this can mean only one thing – IT'S TIME FOR YOUR GRAN LUCHA ESTRELLA EN RELEVOS AUSTRILIANOS! These guys running at each other pre-match, in strobe light only, it's like a terrible terrible hallucination, or wonderful, depending on your pre-existing emotional state.

Okay, let me run through the guys in this main event trios match. On team A, first announced dude is the most amazingly wonderful masked man I've seen since the first time I ever saw Dakko Chan – Maleficio. You take a fat dude with George Steele-like back hair, slap him in an orange outfit complete with an ultra-motherfuckin' swank mask with twisty horns, and you do that in your mind, and I bet, with your imagination stifled by television and computers and video games, you ain't got shit up there in image compared to the real deal Maleficio. He is partnered with a guy I've actually seen on the Mexican wrestling on the satellite, Poder Boricua, as well as some dude called America Salvaje, who is supposed to be a famous rudo from Triple A. Team B has Aguila del America, who ironically has MEXICO on the ass end of his trunks, some non-descript unmasked dude named Principe Franky, and that dastardly asshole El Dorado, with his freshly shaved head, being he lost his hair to Fuerza Aerea the week before. According to the announcer description, Maleficio is some sort of witch, which makes him even more awesome. Hopefully, he's in cahoots with Wizzar and they'll perform some terrible centuries-old pagan spell to cause Triple H and Stephanie to have a child, if Triple H's steroid-shrunken gun can still fire, born with a Santo mask who takes control of the WWE through santeria, which all the top luchadors of any era rely on, and instead of the shit we have now, and Wrestlemania Triple X is headlined by an El Hijo Del Santo vs. Ric Flair, who by then will be younger due to experimental drugs, in a mask vs. hair match, where Dr. Wagner Jr. throws a fireball in Santito's face to cause him to lose his mask, and Wagner Jr., a re-younged Ric Flair....wait, never mind. I was interrupted mid-tangent by the realization that the already dominating style of Maleficio is further compounded by his wrestling gear featuring four, count 'em, four tridents, including two crossing each other on his chest. Holy shit, it would be impossible for me to describe what just went down there for a few minutes, but it involved aspects of comedy wrestling, high dives, arm drags, and it was all controlled by Principe Franky, who even though he looks like a fuckin' dork, just skyrocketed up the charts in my mind into probably one of the Top 100 wrestlers still living. He looks middle-aged and fat, yet closes out his king-sized sequence on the other team with that running flip dive over the top rope that I don't know the name of because I'm not Joey Styles or Mike Tenay onto Poder Boricua. They do a post-caida celebratory comedy bit on Maleficio involving him getting triple atomic dropped, and then kicked in the hiney; it was great. Aguila del America does all these weird little dance moves to showboat, and is wearing what I'm guessing is a soccer team shirt that has Corona emblazoned across the back and Coca-Cola on the front. He also starts the second fall by getting brutalized by America Salvaje, only to take back over and he is your comedy lucha superstar, and I think this is the greatest motherfuckin' match ever on handheld, and El Dorado hasn't even played a part in it yet. Until he and Poder Boricua get into it, with the local promotion's fat and shaved star, El Dorado, kicking ass on the muscularly cut mid-range superstar from Puerto Rico by way of Mexico, Poder Boricua, the match isn't complete. Maleficio and Principe Franky are in together and Franky hits like thirty-seven continuous armdrags, and then dropkicks Maleficio out the ring. Poder Boricua knocks the shit out of Franky ringside, then posts him, and I can only hope he is tasting the sweet sweet blade for my enjoyment right about now. Boricua with a Puerto Rican powerbomb on El Dorado for the second fall, and the rudos immediately turn their attention to working Principe Franky the fuck over. I'm drinking the shitty Miller High Life now, which sucks, much like Parrish Smith I cannot stand Miller. Back a few years ago, I started a cheap beer can collection, of full beers, and every time one changed their design, I'd buy a new twelve pack, but set one

aside. I had like 30 of them at one point, including some shit we don't get around here like Blatz and National Bohemian, and plus Milwaukee's Best changed their can right after I started, so the old one quickly looked bizarre and ancient. That's the beauty of American culture, old shit doesn't have to be that old to be completely retarded looking. It wasn't too long ago the Denver Broncos had orange jerseys, but you show that shit now and folks think it's an NFL films tape from 1977. Anyways, the point of this is the Miller beer has a new can, and some dumb bitch riding a crescent moon ain't fooling me, this ain't no champagne of beers. Boricua and Franky are again brawling ringside, and this trios match is obviously headlined by their mutual hatred. Franky is slumped over in a chair, and Boricua mocks him. Rudos are running things in the aught three right now, with the good dudes taking turns getting triple teamed. Boricua lays some nice sounding chops onto El Dorado, but finally he ducks one, and all hell breaks loose. We've got men fighting everywhere, and women grabbing their kids, and slaps galore. Dorado throws Maleficio into the brick wall far side, and Boricua and Franky resume their hatred for each other near side. All this thing really needs is a couple of creepy midgets and a chair-throwing riot. Dorado with the tope onto Maleficio ringside. Wait, what the fuck. Aguila del America is low blown by America Salvaje while ref is distracted, but then Salvaje falls to the ground clutching his nutsack, and the ref gives the third fall to the rudos, even after asking the emphatic kids ringside who say it's bullshit. Maleficio properly covers up the ref's ears so he can't hear the truth after that, and I'll drink to evil witchery adorned with tridents. Wait, there's post-match shenanigans; Aguila del America is still, five minutes later, slumped over in the corner of the room selling the complete pain of getting kicked in the balls. Finally, the heels leave, and in what is the most amazing culmination of the low blow foul I've seen in lucha, Principe Franky and El Dorado get Aguila back in the ring, he lays down, Franky pushes his legs up in a squat type thing, and El Dorado uses his hands to put pressure on Aguila's stomach. Apparently, this is the proper way to recover from the low blow, as Aguila del America is finally able to stand again on his own power, and I'm assuming, again able to make more children, which is important to all men like him and me, simple, yet empowered by their overwhelming numbers in the face of the money-hungry white man's impotent ruling class. According to the end of this tape, they run every Saturday, as of now, on Armitage in Chicago, and if you love the wrestling and live there and don't go once a month, then you don't really love the wrestling, you just make it your identity to separate yourself in a weird way from your other goofy friends, sort of like me slugging half a beer to them doing that dumb shit to help Aguila del America recover from getting kicked in the dick.

EPILOGUE

FIRST STAR OF THE TAPE: Principe Franky. One of the many things I love about lucha libre is how a guy who, upon first viewing, just looks like your average non-descript stocky fucker with a bowlcut. But then he'll bust a fuckin' move like you'd never expect, and rule the goddamned squared circle encased world like Ric Flair on PCP, south of the border. That was Franky. He was awesome.

SECOND STAR OF THE TAPE: Discovery. Ditto the Franky commentary, except seeing Discovery's outfit, I fully expected him to rule; he just ruled it in a different direction than I was expecting.

THIRD STAR OF THE TAPE: Maleficio. The guy's outfit is awesome, and if that Sam Hayne pentagram-covered guy is still wrestling for Mid American Wrestling, I think he and Maleficio should form an unholy alliance to torment all false metalhead short-haired bitches who dabble in indy wrestling appreciation throughout the midwest for months to come. Maleficio's mask is probably one of the top ten all-time most-awesome masks I've ever seen, and I can really appreciate the fact more and more people are digging on the lucha libre and interjecting it's classic styles with their modern artistic interpretations, though this OMLL authentic latino appreciation seems more healing to my afraid-of-the-future soul than goofy white kids doing flips on each other and calling it lucha libre.

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ECWA - 04/05/03 - Wilmington, Delaware

(by RAVEN MACK)

Why would I bother to review something that is the smart mark's Starrcade, with people making pilgrimages from up and down the east coast, to feast their pasty, fat faces on the new bumper crop of homoerotic professional wrestling posterboys? Shit, everyone and their cousin has seen this, half of them were there live. I would imagine more than a few people show this tape to their friends who think The Undertaker is bad ass, to try and convince them that indy wrestling is a purer form of the grown men in shiny clothes pretending to beat the shit out of each other. Well, I review it because I'm stupid, and also, have long loved the Super 8. The one-night tournament is a great gimmick that's been played the fuck out in indy wrestling in the past couple years, but I still enjoy the ECWA one, because ol' Jim Kettner (who's been a promoter for decades upon decades, going back to the first seven Super 8s, which were all won by Danny Hodge) tries to out-smart the smarts and bring in somebody you never heard of really, and mix in some dudes getting ready to collect some WWE developmental money, and refuse to allow anybody who's been in it before of note to ever come back again in the actual tournament. I can dig on that. You could, at any point, pretend whoowrestling.com still existed and had it's top 50 indy workers list going strong, and randomly pick twelve names off it, throw in four homegrown promotional superstars in training, and there's your Random Indy Tournament To Ride A Bus To that you usually get. God Bless ECWA for not following the mimicked formula built from the success of the Super 8. Immediately, a screen says this is dedicated to our troops in the Middle East, and everybody barks at Pavlov's whistle, and I would so love for Prince Nana to come out and rag on the American imperialism in the Middle East, and proclaim himself a devout Muslim. More wrestling should involve the crowd fighting wrestlers, which in turn, would make wrestlers tougher and bigger so as to defend the honor of the sport, and we'd all benefit, because there'd be more believable wrestlers dropping each other on their heads, and less goofs trying to chant at every other fuckin' spot they see. Every year, I tell myself I'm going to go to the Super 8, but then I always get overwhelmed by my fears of what it's actually like – a weird D&D style masked markfest – which is not to say I'm too good for that, but when I'm surrounded by Observer subscribers and can't sit near the 40-something black guy explaining to his kids that the bad guy is allowed to spit on the floor but they can't, or can't keep an eye on the drunk old white guy getting ready to fight the heel managers and following them through the curtain, well, I get

nervous and sweaty and then end up having to go out to the car to hit the cooler, during a match, and I'd lose my seat to two teenagers from Pennsylvania in Super Dragon masks who came down on a pre-paid bus trip, and damn...I know my limitations and avoid bad situations. They announce all the competitors, and they all wear bright yellow t-shirts, and I know there's got to be more than a few of those in Delaware Goodwills. I dig when thrift stores color-coordinate their t-shirt racks, and I also dig how pretty Brian Kendrick is. He's the prettiest wrestler in the face since a freshly unmasked Juventud Guerrera. DJ Paul really needs to do a Star-Spangled Banner remix, because really the only hip one you can play is the Jimi Hendrix one, and that's played the fuck out like one-night indy tourneys.

FRANKIE KAZARIAN vs. CHRIS SABIN

Frankie Kazarian vs. Chris Sabin is your opening first round match-up, and Sabin is young and ultra-successful already, making me hope he turns out to be the Tommy Rich of his generation. Kazarian is part of the indy blue-blood of the West Coast that I never don't enjoy and wish I saw more of. I love how so many wrestling outfits through the ages have suggested the wearer is somehow electrically charged. Sabin's live wire motif on his ass has a deep point center trunk that goes down to his anus, and I think somebody must've been ribbing him when they sewed that together. They work to an armbar, AND PEOPLE CLAP! Sabin plays the good boy to Kazarian's tournament-style respectful orneriness. Kazarian gives Sabin an awesome boot to the motherfuckin' face, and crowd claps and cheers, and he yells, "I am the coolest person in the World," and I drink to the Future keeping his heel heat from these assholes. Kazarian cockily dominates, and does a nifty roll over of a roll over, picks up Sabin and does a sidewalk slam backbreaker doohickey. Props to Kazarian for the braided ponytail as well; that's the one thing I hate about having stupid nasty ass dreadlocks now, is I loved to kick the braids, sometimes the double Willie Nelson bearded Pippy Longstocking style when I felt a big ass chip on my shoulder and was looking for fights. Hey, the Future won, and here I was waiting for him to lose. I'm glad I had screwed up my memory of what happened in this thing; it gave me the tape watching pop of forgetting how a match was gonna finish and it going the other way, much to my surprise as well as my rooting benefit, so hell yeah.

BRIAN KENDRICK vs. CHRIS CAGE

Spanky is sooo cute. He takes on Chris Cage, and I am always distrustful of guys like Kendrick with that super pretty boy look. I mean, even Ricky Morton had that sort of fucked up look that showed he'd experienced life in ways that made him one of us; but then again Kendrick's unscarred fresh face probably makes him one of us, the majority, and my tattered skin is on the outside of that. I hate my stupid parents for breeding me poor and making me think things like big titties in tank tops on summer days at cookouts with plenty of potato salad (with hard-boiled eggs as an ingredient, of course) and two sets of horseshoe pits is Heaven. Actually, I don't hate my parents for that, but it leaves me lost a lot of the times. Like this house we're painting at now, it's this big million dollar farm in Orange County that's run down as shit, and I find my lot in life there as two days ago, the sort of middle class, sterile white guys, who are cool but not dangerous at all, who have their own carpentry/drywall thing going on, one of them says to the other, "There's this new video for Outkast, and the band is all dressed up like those fifties bands with the sweaters and suspenders and all that, and it's hilarious." And yeah, it's hilarious, but goddamn, it's kind of goofy too. Then today, the crazy alcoholic forty-something black dudes

who are redoing the shingles, one of them says as the song comes on the pop station, "This is a crazy motherfuckin' video. You know that Andre dude from them Ms. Jackson dudes? He's every motherfucker in the band, and they all got some old ass like Turner hair..." and we all laugh like fools trying to ignore our shitty jobs, and then the main talker flips it into a story of some guy being stupid because he bred his pit bull with that pit bull's own daughter and one of them dogs bit a kid last weekend and fuck that dog, he'd shoot his ass, even if it was on the chain. My biggest problem in life is I find dumb shit like that satisfying, much more so than money, and me and my wife used to call it folks being too white, since Charlottesville where we live near is whitebread as any place, and pseudo-liberal to boot, but we shouldn't call it being white because a lot of white people have soul; it's more a case of being sterile. That's why guys who look like Kendrick tend to piss me off, because they have that sterile face of a kid who grew up without struggle or without at least a desire to taste the chaos. "You can see the weakness of a man right through his iris," said the RZA before his glare was posed and he was shucking and jiving to get the soundtrack deal to an overblown Tarantino hodge-podged thievery of foreign cult cinema classics. I bet Tarantino's little bitch ass didn't use a real corpse to show why Uma Thurman had to wear an eye patch. Which, the whole squeaky clean look is probably why I like to say how cute a guy like Kendrick is, because in my underclass upbringing, being able to fuck a man against his will is the ultimate alpha male action, pure animal jailhouse shit, and saying he's cute suggests I'd try it. But I wouldn't. Were I gay, I could never get involved with a wrestler, showing his ass all the time to all those other guys, never being home, forgetting to call on the anniversary of our first date – it wouldn't be gratifying. Cage clocks Kendrick with a superkick, and the crowd is way behind Spanky. This Chris Cage is Canadian and not bad. Spanky is stiff with the foot and fist, and I imagine wealthy Saudi Arabian perverts masturbating to Super 8 DVDs. This is very weird though, the crowd hates Cage because he's not Spanky and their smart mark dreamboat. He's really done nothing to warrant hatred – no cocky tomfoolery or stretching of the accepted rules of engagement. Kendrick flips out of a powerbomb attempt to hit a blockbuster off the ropes for the pin, and two teenage girls and thirty-seven twenty something guys squeal in delight. Kendrick is so much the subconscious Lazz gimmick, it kills me. Hey, out comes Simon Diamond, I'm sure to talk about how motherfuckin' killer ECWA is and how it made him the wrestling superstar he is today, except he's not a wrestling superstar yet. And I can dig what's going on, but let me tell you, should anybody ever decide to do any sort of touching tribute to a dead me in any way whatsoever, using Gary Glitter's "Rock and Roll – Part 2" as the soundtrack would be fuckin' wrong, very very wrong. On the negative side, it makes me think of Glitter sexually abusing Thai boys he purchased for decades, and on the best side, it makes me want to go get another beer at a minor league hockey game; I don't think Jeff Peterson is being honored either way. You know, I dug Jeff Peterson, and I dug the Road Warriors, and I think it's awesome how many people Stu Hart trained to be dope-ass wrestlers, but we are way too overdone on dead wrestler worship. Motherfuckers die all the time, and yeah, a lot of wrestlers die young, but they know the road lifestyle, complete with painkillers and alcohol and sex with loose teenage vixens, is gonna eventually catch up to them. Shit, any Bob Seger record will teach you that. It kills me how half the wrestling world complains about how shitty Hawk is for years, how he won't sell or is out of shape and not up to his Road Warrior image, and then when he dies, everybody loves him and wants to say "R.I.P. Hawk, I loved the Warriors, they were the best, chief." Fuck that. I always liked Animal better, and I hated that

“what a rush” bullshit Hawk did, and I thought Jeff Peterson was an awesome wrestler in that Super 8 he was in, but those American flag motif outfits he wore were fuckin’ stupid. God Bless a motherfucker tragically dying young at age 21, but also don’t fuckin’ put Gary Glitter over his tribute. At least pick some corny acoustic guitar segment by Justin Hayward or something, and have the highest of high spots Peterson ever did in super slow motion like a Tijuana neck injury style replay. If we do die and go to a place where we ethereally haunt the places our bodies used to fuck around at, I think Peterson would’ve appreciated it that way.

SEDRICK STRONG vs. CHANCE BECKETT

Sedrick Strong comes out to the worst song on the first Nappy Roots record, and he’s against Chance Beckett, who’s tiny and cut and a shithole of an attitude. The crowd is reluctantly behind Strong’s Honda Civic with platinum wheel covers ass, just because Beckett comes out like an asshole so easily in appearance and style. I dig this Beckett kid, at about the same time the fickle crowd turns and chants “Chance! Chance! Chance!” which probably owes as much to Strong’s boringness as it does to Beckett’s rulingness. Though Strong does take a self-inflictive bump jump to the outside, and Beckett is all sorts of scuffed up on his chin. But he gets the duke.

ALEX ARION vs. PAUL LONDON

Next up in the festivities is Alex Arion vs. Paul London. London is an indy superstar and everybody loves him. Arion is the Golden Greek, and I would’ve rather enjoyed Maverick Wild in this spot, but maybe next year. Arion gives London a couple of nice forearm blows to the spine at one point, and London hits a rana but Arion stumbles on the ropes and forces his own self out and it looks hokey. Were I a clueless WWE writer, I’d so have London in a jean jacket on TV, being a Scott Baio style heartthrob completely unaware he’s two decades out of style. One thing that sucks here is there’s this Maverick Wild vs. Alex Arion match I really dig from NECW a year or two ago, and Arion is doing a lot of the same spots he did in that match. They have a nice little super-counter in the corner segment that looks like it was botched, but I don’t think so, where London gets flipped into the turnbuckle but lands on the second rope, fakes a dive, then hits a moonsault onto awaiting knees, and nobody cares, proving you can overthink these things. Keep it simple. And they do, with some saliva-rattling forearms. The ending, with London winning, was rather sudden and anti-climactic, but this is the first round, so I’m game.

JOSE & JO-EL MAXIMO/STRIKER vs. PRINCE NANA/MEGA/ACE DARLING

The Maximos suck and Striker is not the Matt Stryker I’d pay money to see, and they face Ace Darling, an ECWA perennial, and I don’t really give a fuck who Mega is since he’s a second to Prince Nana, who is my absolute favorite indy character in all of the tri-states area, it means I support Mega. Had ECW not grown at all and wrestling remained stagnant, I would imagine we’d have had some wonderful Cactus Jack vs. Prince Nana feuds involving all sorts of run-in characters. I so loathe Los Maximos and I so am all about Mega and Nana and I’m so uncaring about the Striker/Darling tag team drama at play. Hey, there’s a botched move, and this sucks. Even Nana’s comically wonderful selling of offense by hitting his big bulging white glare behind his dark-complected face can’t make the Maximos seem good to me. Mega holds up one of the Maximos, and the Maximo actually is leaning up towards Mega’s ear to chat about what to do.

This is ridiculous. NANAMANIA! Man, I can't explain it intelligently, but Nana is so motherfuckin' awesome in a Paul Jones Army sort of way. Darling does the Brian Christopher missed legdrop in Brian Christopher pants, and Striker gets the hot tag, but beats up his own partners. Stupid sports entertainment chicanery. The Cheetah Master runs in with short hair and I realize I'm way behind on ECWA info. I bet the rats cried for weeks when Cheetah's hair got chopped.

FRANKIE KAZARIAN vs. PAUL LONDON

It's time for Kazarian vs. London nonsense, and Kazarian has switched trunks from his previous blue to some white joints, but even more snazzily, he's also switched his braided hair tie from blue to white as well. You don't notice little attention to details like that, but they make a sub-conscious difference in how you view the dude. Wow, these two get all rapid fire maldonado with the forearm-laced sequences and I'm stoked. Kazarian does that mighty double kick boot to the face of the sweet London, and I motherfuckin' love on that giant boot kick move. London throws off Kazarian on a top-rope rana attempt, and after Kazarian is just barely not paralyzed, he rolls into spot for the shooting star job. London is in the finals, and we get the respectful handshake nonsense. Crowd chants, "One more win!" Fuck the crowd.

CHANCE BECKETT vs. BRIAN KENDRICK

Chance Beckett is out, looking disgruntled and abusive towards women, and then Brian Kendrick comes out, looking naïve and unabusive towards the advances of older men. My friend Crazy Jai one time, while living in San Francisco, met some old Russian dude at a library who said he had some crazy Chekhov shit or something, and they ended up in the dude's apartment, drinking vodka, and Crazy Jai said the dude was trying to molest him, but Crazy Jai played it off and kept drinking till the dude passed out, and Crazy Jai jumped off the fire escape. Oh yeah, dude locked the door or some shit. Crazy Jai always seemed to find himself into these terrible unwanted literary-based homosexual encounters. Spanky is so sexy that I hope Chance beats him to a bloody jumble. Hey, Spanky takes a ringpost shot, a rather nice bouncing one, and hopefully is tasting the sweet blade of violence's consummation – hard to tell with all that hair though, the fuckin' hippie. The crowd boos a Spanky comeback, and I can understand why wrestlers hate the smart crowds. At least with a stupid crowd, they have a set guy they hate. Smart crowds switch allegiance mid-match, and it makes it hard to do face-like comebacks or heelish dominations through the slow acceleration of rule-breaking. Beckett wins with a lucha submission teasing into one of DDP's seven thousand ways to end a match.

THE ECWA SUMMIT

A great heel tactic would be to become commissioner or something and say every time the crowd chanted, the wrestlers could leave the ring and not get counted out. It would make for great heel stalling. I don't know who this small dude is, but I also wondered why Mr. Ooh La La is not in the Super 8 this year. If anybody deserves a shot, he does. Mr. Ooh La La's ring stripping is so motherfuckin' great because he's a fat man who's from Delaware, not France, and people pay money to sit in a building and watch him do that. God Bless the Goddamned Wrestling. The Japanese Poolboy is next, and I can tell you, being married to a liberated women with many liberated friends, and me having two turntables now, when we have parties and I get to drunkenly pretending I'm Z-Trip or some shit, Abba gets the women into lovely dancing

masturbatory fantasy scenes more than anything. For real. This is comedic stupidity, yet Japanese Poolboy is my favorite guilty doofus pleasure since the pre-porn girlfriend pill-diet Blue Meanie was getting jiggy with it to that DJ Kool song in ECW dance contests. Some young, hot kid comes in and gets clotheslined and booted to the snout by Ooh La La. That ruled. However, this here ECWA Summit is shitty, even by battle royal standards. Wait, Mega is out to princify the shittiness of this thing, and immediately Mr. Ooh La La gets eliminated, because some shitty Euro monarchy crap can't compare to old school pan-African animism. Oh no, the fat fake Vader from Delaware is out next to counter Mega. Some stripper chick is in it now, and her ass ain't even as penetrable as Kendrick's. That's pathetic. NANAMANIA! But he slaps Mega for not throwing out the woman, which won't work well in tonight's summit, stretching the strength of their partnership, but in the overall scene of things, he taught Mega a valuable lesson that he should've already knowed. The Cheetah Master is the Hulk Hogan of small-town Della Vegas. He's over like red clover and in like Flynn in those leopard tights. Wait, he lost. And after some quick wrapping up of this thing, the Japanese Poolboy won the summit.

CHRISTOPHER DANIELS vs. THE JAPANESE POOLBOY

And he gets Christopher Daniels right away for the ECWA title, and the crowd goes smart-crazy chant-happy, and I wish Balls Mahoney was there to drunkenly set half of them on fire in the name of Iron Maiden. This Poolboy/Daniels match is a weird reverse psychology anti-smart Morton vs. Flair face-off in the midst of the smarts' den. I also really love how Poolboy is playing the Spike Dudley role, and whenever he gets over for a move, Daniels clocks him to regain control. Even greater is it makes the crowd sympathetic to Poolboy, but they're afraid to love on a goofy disco ball on a stick gimmick, so they sit there silently. The Japanese Poolboy is indier than fuck, yet every time it becomes remotely interesting, rather than cheer, the crowd remains quiet. This is an awesome match, for the match itself, but also for the weird uncomfortableness of the crowd. Daniels wins though, because he's not a goofball gimmick – well, if you overlook the fallen angel priest bald-headed bullshit. Maybe Kettner will lose his mind this spring and put over the Poolboy in Super 8 2004. Daniels grabs Poolboy's ass post-match hug, and I dig the retardedness of it all, though Brian Kendrick is much hotter than all these guys.

CHANCE BECKETT vs. PAUL LONDON

Whatever happened to Chance Beckett? Is he in Puerto Rico? Everyone loves a London and Beckett is an asshole. RF Video production pales in comparison to the Best of Boogie Woogie Jimmy Valiant, which I'd guess uses the same editing machine. RF VIDEO – FOR GOD'S SAKE, DON'T BE AFRAID TO USE THE STAR OR DIAMOND SWEEP! Beckett is awesomely maniacal on the leg of London in this thing. In fact, Beckett is possessed at destroying the leg, and London fights as best he can, using his other leg for kicks and stabs. London's leg is so beat down and sold, he struggles to get up the ropes, leaving him prone to Beckett shenanigans. This match is awesome, motherfucker. Wow, Beckett is out with the three arm drops submission deal for the loss, and Paul London is the Scott Baio of the smart marks' pin-up dreams. The non-dead Haas brother comes in with a giant trophy for the victor, and everyone is there to be happy and sell the competition because they all watched Super J-Cup '94. Time for group picture. They hug and love on each other and wrestling sucks dick, wrestling sucks dick, wrestling sucks dick. I wonder about Paul London's living situation, now being in the

WWE, and I wonder about that Super 8 trophy. Is it in storage? Is it a gimmick he didn't even get to keep? Is it this monstrous thing on this coffee table in his small living room/dining room/futon guest room place in his Louisville apartment? Or is it at the Goodwill with the yellow t-shirts, and some Deep Purple eight-tracks?

EPILOGUE

FIRST STAR OF THE TAPE: Chance Beckett. He's unknown, disappeared ever since then, and was completely awesome with his busted chin.

SECOND STAR OF THE TAPE: Paul London. Hey, he's in the WWE now, which he makes a decent paycheck to completely compromise his morals; I'd rather be broke.

THIRD STAR OF THE TAPE: The Japanese Poolboy. He is the bestest gay gimmick since Lenny Lane and Lodi, which wasn't really that great a gimmick, but it was fun to see Lane pretend to be Chris Jericho so as to defame him upon his WWE arrival.

~!~

Hamada's UWF Lucha Primera Clase II - PART ONE

(by DEAN RASMUSSEN and PHIL RIPPA)

Yeesh this is old but I found it on my computer from an age before we all hated wrestling. Real time reviews means very little editing. Enjoy the baffling typing. Poor little bandwidth.

Session Close: Mon Mar 24 21:04:36 2003

[21:04] <Rippa> okay - let me get to crowd scene

[21:04] <Rippa> Oh - just for the record

[21:05] <Rippa> Tape came from Alfredo and is called Hamada's UWF Lucha Primera Clase II

[21:05] <deanIZdean> What's the date on it?

[21:05] <Rippa> We will let the reader figure out what date it is

[21:05] <Rippa> Fredo lets me down

[21:05] <Rippa> I am paused at the crowd scene

[21:05] <deanIZdean> pre-mascarar vs mascara Brazos

[21:06] <deanIZdean> okay

[21:06] <Rippa> We will see in a sec when they show the Brazos

[21:06] <deanIZdean> I'm rolling

[21:06] <Rippa> I think they are masked

[21:06] <deanIZdean> they are

[21:06] <Rippa> okay - we got a couple of minutes before the first match

[21:06] <Rippa> See Masked Brazos

[21:06] <deanIZdean> hold on, I'm still getting to the crowd

[21:06] <Rippa> are they throwing shit into the crowd

[21:06] <deanIZdean> aaaaaaaannnnd

[21:06] <Rippa> pause when the logo comes on and the screen goes white

[21:07] <deanIZdean> okay

[21:07] <Rippa> play

[21:07] <deanIZdean> hold on
[21:07] <Rippa> this is what they tell us what all the matches are
[21:07] <deanIZdean> they are throwing stuff
[21:07] <deanIZdean> logo
[21:07] <Rippa> almost there
[21:07] <deanIZdean> white
[21:07] <Rippa> okay - hit play
[21:07] <deanIZdean> Dick Togo and unmasked great Sasuke
[21:08] <deanIZdean> Gedo and Jado a gimmick ago
[21:08] <Rippa> yeah - the first match is Gedo/Jado vs. Delfin/Sasuke
[21:08] <Rippa> but none of them use their actual name
[21:08] <deanIZdean> Takeda? who was that?
[21:08] <Rippa> I cant wait for the Hermso/Greco match
[21:08] <Rippa> yeah that was Hermso/Greco vs. Takeda and Kung Fu
[21:09] <Rippa> one match at a time
[21:09] <Rippa> look at how tiny Blue Panther was
[21:09] <deanIZdean> Hey, Asai
[21:09] <Rippa> BRAZOS BABY!!!!
[21:09] <deanIZdean> I think we are synched
[21:09] <deanIZdean> Platta goes over
[21:09] <Rippa> oh yeah
[21:09] <deanIZdean> splatty!
[21:09] <deanIZdean> Theee ladies
[21:10] <Rippa> the amazing hair on the svelte AJa
[21:10] <deanIZdean> awesome
[21:10] <deanIZdean> Bison! My pants explode with anticipation
[21:10] <deanIZdean> elimination match
[21:10] <Rippa> Mmmm... Honey Wings
[21:10] <Rippa> Oh yeah - goofy lucha battle royal
[21:10] <deanIZdean> highlights of how fat the Brazos are
[21:10] <Rippa> why are you hating on the Brazos?
[21:10] <deanIZdean> "THEY ARE SO VERY FAT!"
[21:11] <deanIZdean> I love the Brazos
[21:11] <deanIZdean> the titel
[21:11] <deanIZdean> Asai with his peeps
[21:11] <Rippa> LOOK HOW RACIST MY MASK IS?!?!?!?
[21:11] <deanIZdean> The masks and the sombreros as they crowd around the future Ultimo
[21:11] <Rippa> Asai needs to not read directly off the cue cards
[21:11] <deanIZdean> like Stetsasonic

GOOLIE SZ/BULLDOG KT vs. MONKEY MAGIC WAKITA/MASA MICHINOKU

[21:12] <Rippa> Okay - the first match is
[21:12] <deanIZdean> Ewww
[21:12] <deanIZdean> Gedo is creepy looking with the Steiner hair

[21:12] <Rippa> Goolie SZ/Bulldog KT vs. Monkey Magic Wakita/Masa Michinoku
[21:12] <deanlZdean> Delfin needs a helping of mask
[21:12] <Rippa> Warning - this doesnt last long
[21:12] <deanlZdean> he has that gay heroin adsdict Hayabusa look going
[21:13] <Rippa> Its the way back Gedo/Jado vs. Super Deflin/Great Sasuke match
[21:13] <deanlZdean> Monkey Magic
[21:13] <deanlZdean> The tail, the Mike Reno headband
[21:13] <Rippa> Yeah - no wonder Delfin hates Sasuke
[21:13] <Rippa> "Every Girl's crazy about a sharp dressed man"
[21:13] <deanlZdean> I think I'm a little ahead of you
[21:13] <Rippa> no - I am just a slow typer
[21:14] <Rippa> monkey magic dead - Masa trying to get the offense in
[21:14] <deanlZdean> Masa Michinoku looks like that pasty current MP guy that you hate
[21:14] <Rippa> Gedo's hair does scare me
[21:14] <deanlZdean> with the yellow pants
[21:14] <Rippa> Ikuda-Kun?
[21:14] <Rippa> or something really close to that
[21:15] <Rippa> It isnt 500 time so I wont pretend to know
[21:15] <Rippa> Told you that was over quick
[21:15] <deanlZdean> So Gedo and Jado were doing the Superbomb before anyone else
[21:15] <deanlZdean> This was what- 89?
[21:15] <Rippa> Appears so
[21:15] <Rippa> OH YEAH

SERGIO EL HERMOSO/EL BELLO GRECO vs. KUNG FU/TAKEDA

[21:15] <Rippa> THis is Sergio El Hermoso/El Bello Greco vs. Kung Fu/Takeda
[21:15] <deanlZdean> Pretent that Virus and Scott Steiner REALLY liked each other a whole lot
[21:16] <Rippa> Schneider is all about Hermoso and Greco now
[21:16] <deanlZdean> They have a child and it looks like Gedo in this
[21:16] <deanlZdean> Are they Exoticos?
[21:16] <Rippa> They are about 50003 million times better another other gay gimmick
[21:16] <Rippa> Oh yeah
[21:16] <Rippa> They are deeply Exoticos
[21:16] <deanlZdean> Awesome
[21:16] <deanlZdean> That's not Super Calo's dad though, right?
[21:17] <deanlZdean> Calo's dad takes his beard too far and has a child with her
[21:17] <Rippa> Schneider claims it is - but that would kill the Exotico gimmick
[21:17] <Rippa> I dont know what to think
[21:17] <deanlZdean> Oscar Wilde was married
[21:17] <deanlZdean> Pete townsend was married
[21:17] <deanlZdean> Which one is Super Calo's dad?
[21:17] <Rippa> having a beard and producing a child are two different things
[21:17] <Rippa> Lets see what Jose says - if anything
[21:18] <deanlZdean> You marry your beard and she has a child for you

[21:18] <deanIZdean> the perfect cover up
[21:18] <deanIZdean> but inside you're gay gay gay
[21:18] <Rippa> okay - you cover the comedy, I will search Jose's page
[21:18] <Rippa> Of course - I am a wrestling fan. Everyone knows I am gay
[21:18] <deanIZdean> Kung Fu uses the Nun-chuks
[21:19] <deanIZdean> The Exoticos use the nunchuks and they aren't very good with them-
what with no practise
[21:19] <Rippa> they are all about assualting themselves
[21:20] <Rippa> BTW - Jose appears to have bios on none of them. Including Super Calo
[21:20] <deanIZdean> Takeda has the most racist mask since Doc chan
[21:20] <Rippa> which surprises me
[21:20] <Rippa> the bios
[21:20] <Rippa> not the racist mask
[21:20] <Rippa> The question is though
[21:20] <deanIZdean> Unbelievably, the Exotico sells damage to his ass a whole lot.
[21:20] <Rippa> Does Highspots sell the Takeda mask?
[21:21] <deanIZdean> Hermosa flits his arms while running the ropes
[21:21] <deanIZdean> Aren't most belgian kickboxers gay?
[21:22] <Rippa> I think I need to pester Jose into updating his Exotico section
[21:22] <deanIZdean> I'm saying Greco is in the pink
[21:22] <Rippa> Do I look like Naimark?
[21:22] <deanIZdean> Greco has great hair
[21:22] <Rippa> I think they said at the beginning of the match
[21:22] <Rippa> Oh well
[21:22] <deanIZdean> Find out who Takeda is
[21:22] <deanIZdean> I'm guessing Shinzaki
[21:23] <Rippa> not lazy enough
[21:23] <deanIZdean> upper-body and armdrag says Shinzaki
[21:23] <Rippa> Oh - that looked like the perfect set up for the 69 spot
[21:23] <Rippa> Boy - they sure are protective of their asses
[21:23] <Rippa> I dont know what to think now
[21:24] <deanIZdean> Why is Schneider in love with these guys?
[21:24] <deanIZdean> They are gay versions of Andy Barrow
[21:25] <Rippa> They were all over the Lynch list that he recited to me on the phone
[21:25] <deanIZdean> They suck in this match
[21:25] <Rippa> Kung Fu has the Kick of Fear that says Barbarian too me
[21:25] <deanIZdean> oh yeah
[21:26] <Rippa> Okay - according to the late great Vanes - this is from 11/17/90
[21:26] <deanIZdean> Kung fu is 75 years old in this match
[21:27] <deanIZdean> Listless rudoing
[21:27] <Rippa> I do like the little patch on Hermoso and Sergios chest.
[21:27] <deanIZdean> HErmanos wants to shake and they fool Kung Fu
[21:27] <Rippa> Its like the little heart shaped windows on kidnapper vans
[21:28] <deanIZdean> The Atomic Drop forces him to be penetrated by the ref!

[21:28] <Rippa> poor little ref's junk
[21:28] <Rippa> Maybe Takeda is Gran Hamada
[21:28] <deanIzdean> Okay, I love the rolling armdrag sell by Hermanos
[21:28] <Rippa> err.... Naniwa
[21:29] <deanIzdean> Hermanos is the worker of the two
[21:29] <deanIzdean> If he is the guy in yellow
[21:29] <Rippa> Takeda is not Shinzaki - I can tell you that for sure now
[21:29] <Rippa> I think Hermoso is the guy in the pink
[21:30] <deanIzdean> Satan Pro is on the phone telling me about RAW
[21:30] <deanIzdean> Then Greco is the worker
[21:30] <Rippa> and Bello Greco is in the yellow
[21:30] <Rippa> how can SP be on the phone when he is supposed to be wrestling in this next match
[21:30] <deanIzdean> Greco leans into the kick to the face like a man
[21:31] <Rippa> Yeah - Kung Fu has quite the Hart Dungeon offense going
[21:31] <deanIzdean> Greco is one I'm falling in love
[21:31] <deanIzdean> with
[21:31] <Rippa> Boy - this match seems a lot longer in my mind than it actually is
[21:32] <Rippa> Though If my counter is to be believed - it is upwards of 15 minutes long
[21:32] <Rippa> OH DEAR LORD
[21:32] <deanIzdean> Awesome!
[21:32] <Rippa> That was all sorts of ugly dangerous
[21:32] <Rippa> as Takeda clips the ropes doing the tope of death
[21:32] <deanIzdean> Fat Ass Tope by Takeda
[21:33] <deanIzdean> Kung Fu with the LEG DRAGON SLEEPER
[21:33] <Rippa> Okay - why on Earth would he tap to that?????
[21:33] <deanIzdean> Awesome
[21:33] <deanIzdean> Why WOULDN'T you tap to that
[21:33] <Rippa> I mean his head was right in his package
[21:33] <deanIzdean> "LOVE YOURSELF!
[21:33] <Rippa> If he is a true Exotico - he loves that hold
[21:33] <deanIzdean> LOVE IT!
[21:33] <Rippa> 13 39
[21:33] <Rippa> I guess that is right
[21:33] <deanIzdean> You don't want your own junk, you want Ricky Banderas's
[21:34] <Rippa> I go for a higher quality PR rat
[21:34] <deanIzdean> If you enjoyed the sweet love of other men

BLUE PANTHER/BLACK POWER vs. YOSHIHIRO ASAI (ULTIMO DRAGON)/KATO KUNG LEE

[21:34] <Rippa> This says great to me
[21:34] <Rippa> Blue Panther/Black Power vs. Yoshihiro Asai (Ultimo Dragon)/Kato Kung Lee
[21:34] <deanIzdean> Blue Panther is lil
[21:34] <Rippa> Because it is BLUE PANTHER AND ULTIMO DRAGON

[21:34] <deanIZdean> Who is Black Power?
[21:34] <Rippa> and DRAGON Isnt in Mexico
[21:35] <Rippa> I dont think he is very good. Could be completely wrong there though
[21:35] <deanIZdean> Black Panther was Black Warrior
[21:35] <Rippa> you are just making up stuff now
[21:35] <deanIZdean> Kato Kung Lee is fabulously decrepit
[21:35] <deanIZdean> that mask fucking rules it
[21:35] <Rippa> Actually - I will take that back.
[21:35] <deanIZdean> What does Jose say about Black Power
[21:36] <Rippa> Warrior was A Black Power
[21:36] <Rippa> but not this one
[21:36] <deanIZdean> AH
[21:36] <deanIZdean> Who is this one?
[21:36] <Rippa> Black Warrior was Black Panther in 95/96
[21:36] <Rippa> I am trying to see
[21:37] <deanIZdean> A-SA-I!
[21:37] <deanIZdean> A-SA-I!
[21:37] <deanIZdean> A-SA-I!
[21:37] <Rippa> I wonder if Black Panther = Black Terry
[21:37] <deanIZdean> Black Power works the arm bar and a twist
[21:37] <deanIZdean> Ultimo flips out into an armdrag
[21:37] <Rippa> probably not but I love random statements that give the kids things to talk about on the message boards that aren't ROH match times
[21:38] <deanIZdean> BP with the head scissors
[21:38] <deanIZdean> Ultimo flips out
[21:38] <deanIZdean> FRONT CHANCELLORY
[21:38] <deanIZdean> and then floats all over him
[21:38] <Rippa> Oh yeah - this is going to be fucking great
[21:38] <deanIZdean> I personnaly LOVE THAT SHIT
[21:38] <deanIZdean> Then Ultimo does it back
[21:38] <deanIZdean> AWWWESOME
[21:38] <deanIZdean> Jillion Billion stars
[21:39] <deanIZdean> Blue Panther fears Kung Lee and his armdrag
[21:39] <Rippa> He does not fear the matwork
[21:39] <deanIZdean> Now they take it to the mat and I am in love
[21:39] <Rippa> Oh yeah bring the tricked out arm work
[21:39] <deanIZdean> this fucking rules
[21:39] <Rippa> WHAT THE FUCK WAS THAT?
[21:40] <Rippa> That was quite the Blue Panther meets Joe Malenko and I am in love
[21:40] <Rippa> love love love
[21:40] <deanIZdean> Panther FORCES Kung Lee to do the twisting El Santo Crucifix thing
[21:40] <Rippa> If Blue Panther counters out of this by switching into a camel clutch I will pass out
[21:40] <deanIZdean> The croosface into the roperunning into the roll up to the vertical base

[21:40] <deanIZdean> that's lucha
[21:41] <deanIZdean> Blue motherfucking Panther is motherfucking GOD
[21:41] <Rippa> How Blue Panther isnt everyone's favorite wrestling is beyond me
[21:41] <Rippa> wrestler too
[21:41] <deanIZdean> People are motherfucking idiots
[21:41] <deanIZdean> Asai and Black Power bring the smacking
[21:41] <Rippa> Black Power is bringing the English trash talk
[21:41] <deanIZdean> Asai is like Bruce Lee an
[21:42] <deanIZdean> FUCKING AWESOME
[21:42] <deanIZdean> The twirling armdrag
[21:42] <deanIZdean> Asai was fucking awesome
[21:42] <deanIZdean> Notice the spots Sasuke stole from Kung Lee
[21:42] <Rippa> Panther is doing quite the carry job on Kung Lee here though
[21:42] <Rippa> AND THAT
[21:42] <deanIZdean> Even the hopping before running the ropes
[21:43] <Rippa> Panther = bump freak
[21:43] <Rippa> oh this isnt good
[21:43] <deanIZdean> Blue Panther is a luchadore
[21:43] <Rippa> that is the spectacular shot of the Gedo mullet
[21:44] <deanIZdean> his leg would have to break off or he would have to die in the ring for a few minutes for him not to continue
[21:44] <deanIZdean> Asai was sooo Rey Misterio Jr before Rey Misterio Jr
[21:45] <deanIZdean> Black Power flexes his pecs
[21:45] <Rippa> these has turned into a creepy stalker phone call
[21:45] <Rippa> what is up with all the heavy breathing?
[21:45] <deanIZdean> They double team Asai and the crowds is riled up
[21:46] <deanIZdean> Panther with the gourd-buster
[21:46] <deanIZdean> and Power with the shoulder block
[21:46] <Rippa> I am a gord buster mark
[21:46] <deanIZdean> Los Road Warriors
[21:46] <deanIZdean> and they continue to bust up Asai
[21:47] <deanIZdean> throwing him into the chairs and beating him with them
[21:47] <Rippa> we have gotten far far away from the mat work
[21:47] <deanIZdean> Black Power is like Power Warrior with the Strangle Hold Gamma
[21:48] <deanIZdean> Yeah, they are channeling the RWs circa 1988
[21:48] <Rippa> I blame you for not immediately knowing who Black Power is
[21:48] <deanIZdean> Blue Panther with the Lucha Powerbomb
[21:49] <deanIZdean> Asai counters the second one with a roll up
[21:49] <deanIZdean> Blue Panther makes him pay with a Mexican Ceiling hold
[21:49] <deanIZdean> copyright Scott Hudson in Global
[21:49] <deanIZdean> Asai with a Superplex to offense
[21:49] <Rippa> and there are the kicks
[21:49] <deanIZdean> and the Ultimo series of kicks
[21:50] <deanIZdean> no Asai moonsault though

[21:50] <Rippa> Ultimo isnt afraid to tease the highspot
[21:50] <Rippa> that's twice this match
[21:50] <deanIzdean> Kung Lee with the punch to the chest
[21:50] <deanIzdean> into the FRONT CHANCELLORY!
[21:50] <deanIzdean> Power kicks to TRANSITION~!
[21:51] <Rippa> Yeah - Black Power sounds like he has the cardio of a man who is close personal friends with the Marlboro Man
[21:51] <deanIzdean> Owwwwwww, the chair spot goes awry!
[21:51] <deanIzdean> Panther cuts Asia off with the smack to the chest
[21:51] <deanIzdean> Asai armdrags to a Pescado
[21:52] <Rippa> I am thinking that was the Ultimo highspot of the moment
[21:52] <deanIzdean> Alright! Black Power almost kills Kung Lee
[21:52] <deanIzdean> Rick Steiner bodyslam of near neck compression
[21:52] <Rippa> I should start the internet rumor that Black Power was Sean Morley before he was Steele
[21:52] <Rippa> I just dont want to be right
[21:52] <deanIzdean> Awesome, Panther and Asai take it to the streets
[21:52] <Rippa> AWESOME!!!!
[21:52] <Rippa> I love that spot
[21:52] <deanIzdean> AWESOME
[21:53] <Rippa> That looked roughly clipped
[21:53] <deanIzdean> The reverse Sunset Flip out of jumping in the corner
[21:53] <deanIzdean> right into Kung Lee running the ropes
[21:53] <Rippa> Dean and I were both loving Asai/Panther taking the brawl outside and then yelling at each other to take it back into the ring
[21:53] <deanIzdean> What did Asai do?
[21:53] <Rippa> I am not sure
[21:53] <Rippa> Hold on - let me rewind
[21:54] <Rippa> He did a rolling senton off the ring apron
[21:54] <Rippa> That was quite the highspot out of the corner of your eye
[21:54] <deanIzdean> I think it was the somersault plancha off the apron
[21:54] <Rippa> yeah - that too
[21:54] <deanIzdean> yeah
[21:54] <Rippa> it has all broken down now
[21:55] <Rippa> Kung Lee has hit the wall
[21:55] <Rippa> JESUS
[21:55] <deanIzdean> Panther rolled up for two
[21:55] <Rippa> When did Psychosis start working under the Panther mask
[21:55] <deanIzdean> Kung Lee is jillion years old and shouldn't be powerbombed like that
[21:55] <Rippa> did you get to Panther going splat over the table yet?
[21:56] <deanIzdean> Then Power forgets how to wrestle
[21:56] <Rippa> or the bad looking tombstone attempt
[21:56] <Rippa> I take it you did
[21:56] <deanIzdean> Oh yeah

[21:56] <deanIZdean> Black Power loses it at the end
[21:56] <deanIZdean> OW
[21:56] <Rippa> Oh yeah
[21:56] <deanIZdean> Worst piledriver ever
[21:56] <deanIZdean> Asai was 24
[21:56] <Rippa> Welcome to NJ Juniors 1995
[21:57] <deanIZdean> The unpinnable Asai
[21:57] <deanIZdean> nice Capture Suplex
[21:57] <Rippa> That capture suplex was awesome
[21:57] <Rippa> I wish Dragon kept using that
[21:57] <deanIZdean> He lands right on his neck when he does that
[21:58] <deanIZdean> I can see why he stopped
[21:58] <deanIZdean> Triangle-ish Hold for the win
[21:58] <Rippa> Well - I mean its not like he didnt have to land on his neck after taking botched tombstones from masked white boys
[21:58] <deanIZdean> They probably shouldn't have had Ultimo kick out of 32 finishers
[21:58] <deanIZdean> but that was some sloppy fun
[21:58] <Rippa> Yeah - Dragon was feeling AJ Styles there
[21:59] <Rippa> Oh-uh - the cat is coming to march all over the keyboard
[21:59] <deanIZdean> BRAZOS
[21:59] <Rippa> my half of this review might get funnier
[21:59] <Rippa> yeah - you cant tell me that isnt Satan Pro
[21:59] <deanIZdean> Are you at Platta talking?
[21:59] <Rippa> yeah
[21:59] <deanIZdean> ooosh
[21:59] <deanIZdean> Who is that guy in the black mask?
[21:59] <Rippa> This is going to end up being

LOS BRAZOS vs. GRAN HAMADA/BLACK MAN/KENDO - UWA Trios Titles

[22:00] <Rippa> Los Brazos vs. Gran Hamada/Black Man/Kendo - UWA Trios Titles
[22:00] <Rippa> So - it is Black Man
[22:00] <Rippa> Duh
[22:00] <deanIZdean> Wait, I thought Kendo WAS Black Man
[22:00] <Rippa> obviously not
[22:00] <Rippa> Black Man sure needs to hit the gym
[22:00] <deanIZdean> What would jose say?
[22:00] <Rippa> Jose has nothing
[22:00] <Rippa> my world is being shattered
[22:00] <deanIZdean> Jose hates you
[22:00] <deanIZdean> for disparaging Misterioso
[22:01] <Rippa> He joins a lengthy list
[22:01] <Rippa> I dont recall hating Misterioso
[22:01] <deanIZdean> Gran hamada on the stick
[22:01] <Rippa> of course its very possible

[22:01] <deanIZdean> He hates me for disparaging Mysterioso
[22:01] <Rippa> Tell me when you get to the Brazos hitting the ring
[22:01] <deanIZdean> They are hitting the ring
[22:01] <deanIZdean> They came straight from band practice if the hats are any indication
[22:01] <Rippa> Jesus - 90 more minutes and only 3 more matches
[22:02] <Rippa> the elimination match must be 492 minutes long
[22:02] <Rippa> That was the production of Three musketeers
[22:02] <deanIZdean> Kendo makes on the flower ladies
[22:02] <deanIZdean> Brazos are dressed like the 3 Musketeers because they have the tunics and the hats with the feather on the side
[22:03] <Rippa> I CHALLENGE YOU TO A DUEL!
[22:03] <deanIZdean> They are managed by Micheal York
[22:03] <Rippa> Sir! I say SIR!
[22:03] <deanIZdean> if this were my fauntasy world
[22:03] <Rippa> Ooof - as I bring the Simpsons references that no one gets
[22:04] <deanIZdean> Tomaco
[22:04] <deanIZdean> Who could forget
[22:04] <Rippa> Boy - if this is 3 falls we are in for a long night
[22:04] <deanIZdean> it also had the lame b-52s song
[22:04] <Rippa> GLOVE SLAP!
[22:04] <Rippa> BABY GLOVE SLAP!
[22:04] <deanIZdean> see, in the old days
[22:04] <deanIZdean> the b-52s were all about songs about fucking
[22:05] <deanIZdean> "Strobe Lite"
[22:05] <deanIZdean> "Shake This Mess Around"
[22:05] <Rippa> Yeah - for those of you wondering at home. Match still hasnt started
[22:05] <Rippa> thus Dean can fantasy about which female member of the b-52s he wanted to do
[22:05] <deanIZdean> Kendo gets the crowd to chant his name
[22:06] <deanIZdean> I would quickly disappoint either female member of the B-52s
[22:06] <Rippa> Yeah - the Brazos spot of teasing walking out gets old when you see if everytime they work
[22:06] <deanIZdean> also Sara Lee, the bass player
[22:06] <deanIZdean> As does the Kendo Hulkamania schtick
[22:06] <Rippa> there are many the female rock stars I would like the chance to disappoint
[22:06] <deanIZdean> I await Kendo to not retire for 24 minutes
[22:07] <Rippa> Oh yeah - I should just drift off now
[22:07] <deanIZdean> Well, I'd throw some jitter into Debra Harry
[22:07] <deanIZdean> Oro starts in on the leg
[22:07] <deanIZdean> and kendo reverses out
[22:08] <deanIZdean> that was just Brazo
[22:08] <Rippa> Yeah, Black Man is right up there in the racist outfit department
[22:08] <deanIZdean> this is Oro
[22:08] <deanIZdean> Platta jiggles his boobies and it induces no wood in me

[22:09] <Rippa> Is Black Man doing an Exotico gimmick too?

[22:09] <deanIZdean> Black Man gets flipped all over the ring by Oro until he whips off the armdrag

[22:09] <Rippa> Okay - I got an interview tomorrow morning at 9 am. So we are going to have to cut this into two parts

[22:09] <Rippa> because I am realizing this will sap the rest of my will away

[22:09] <deanIZdean> hamada comes in and Platta is FUCKING RULING IT

[22:09] <Rippa> Especially if Kendo keeps coming in

[22:10] <deanIZdean> Did you want to stop now

[22:10] <Rippa> oh no - we can finish this match with ease

[22:10] <deanIZdean> okay

[22:10] <Rippa> I just fear it being 45 minutes from now when it ends

[22:10] <deanIZdean> AWESOMe

[22:10] <Rippa> that is why I am saying something now

[22:10] <deanIZdean> Armdrag over the toprope

[22:10] <Rippa> young 23 year old Hamada bring the pain

[22:10] <Rippa> bringing too

[22:11] <deanIZdean> I think hamada was 67 in this match

[22:11] <deanIZdean> Platta splatters Brazo

[22:11] <Rippa> I am not ashamed to say I am a mark for the Brazo crying spot

[22:11] <deanIZdean> fraternal bickering ensues

[22:11] <Rippa> gimme some sugar

[22:11] <deanIZdean> well, they are brothers

[22:11] <deanIZdean> you can kiss your brothers

[22:12] <Rippa> no tongue

[22:12] <Rippa> unless you and Randy have a relationship that I dont want to know about

[22:12] <deanIZdean> platta vs kendo

[22:12] <deanIZdean> well there was that one time

[22:12] <Rippa> in band camp?

[22:12] <deanIZdean> The weird ass variation on the kendo kip up

[22:13] <Rippa> You know - Black Man is reminding me of someone but I cant put my finger on it

[22:13] <deanIZdean> Jimmy Valient?

[22:13] <Rippa> No - I am thinking more of a brother Dusty Rhodes I guess

[22:14] <Rippa> Yup - this is three falls

[22:14] <Rippa> it has to be

[22:14] <deanIZdean> God, this is like a 45 step finish

[22:14] <Rippa> it wouldnt end on that - would it????

[22:14] <Rippa> Nope

[22:14] <Rippa> 3 falls

[22:15] <deanIZdean> Each Brazo is a victim of misdirection to lead to Hamada winning with a roll-up

[22:15] <deanIZdean> God, this is what the kids call workrate

[22:15] <deanIZdean> as we start segunda caida

[22:15] <Rippa> Porky is flying around the ring at the start of the 2nd caida
[22:16] <deanIzdean> Platta with the barrel roll off the ropes into a pose
[22:16] <deanIzdean> Brazos could work they asses off
[22:16] <Rippa> why do you insist on doubling the ts in Plata?
[22:16] <deanIzdean> to fuck with you
[22:16] <Rippa> why the hate?
[22:16] <Rippa> why?
[22:16] <deanIzdean> or I'm an idiot
[22:16] <Rippa> AWESOME!
[22:17] <deanIzdean> Black Man took it like a MAN
[22:17] <Rippa> Hamada is also taking his beating like a man
[22:17] <deanIzdean> Brazo with the heartpunch
[22:18] <deanIzdean> Blackman with the graceful armdrag
[22:18] <Rippa> Porky is the master of the bellybuck
[22:18] <deanIzdean> Blackman I'm digging
[22:18] <deanIzdean> Porky with the safe falling on Wiley Coyote plancha
[22:18] <deanIzdean> oro with the SOMETHING to take the second fall
[22:18] <Rippa> I give Kendo props for taking it though
[22:19] <deanIzdean> I'm more in love with everybody in this match
[22:19] <deanIzdean> Plata is fucking RULING it
[22:19] <Rippa> THat was what you want in the bizarre lucha finish to a fall
[22:19] <deanIzdean> tercera
[22:19] <deanIzdean> oro is smacky
[22:19] <Rippa> and kicky
[22:19] <deanIzdean> hamada is taking the beating
[22:20] <Rippa> I still remember when Oro returned from the dead to appear at one of them
there Super 8s
[22:20] <deanIzdean> Plata's jiggly nipple is hypnotic
[22:20] <deanIzdean> that wasn't Brazo De Oro
[22:20] <Rippa> is the nipple lactating?
[22:20] <deanIzdean> That was just Oro
[22:20] <deanIzdean> So Brazo was the best of the three
[22:20] <Rippa> It was during what should have been the ECWA summit portion
[22:20] <Rippa> I didnt pay much attention
[22:20] <deanIzdean> or was it Brazo de Oro
[22:21] <deanIzdean> De Oro was the worker
[22:21] <Rippa> OH MAN! THAT RULED
[22:21] <deanIzdean> Hamada's testicles fire out of his body to the floor of Koruken hall as he
hoists Plata up for a suplex
[22:21] <Rippa> okay - I have gotten ahead
[22:21] <deanIzdean> Camel Clutch
[22:22] <Rippa> now we are caught up
[22:22] <deanIzdean> kendo is smacking to a save
[22:22] <Rippa> or something resembling English

[22:22] <deanIZdean> bow n arrow by kendo
[22:22] <Rippa> big fat belly to belly
[22:22] <deanIZdean> Plata with an EVII belly to belly
[22:22] <deanIZdean> that was awesome
[22:23] <Rippa> I am still trying to figure out if Black Man actually is a brother or not
[22:23] <Rippa> the only portion that isnt covered is his neck
[22:23] <Rippa> i havent got a good look yet
[22:23] <deanIZdean> Everybody gets driven outside to set Kendo's awesome Plancha
[22:23] <Rippa> and Kendo is working his ass off here
[22:23] <deanIZdean> AWESOME
[22:23] <Rippa> and Hamada is dead dead dead
[22:23] <deanIZdean> Hamada with the Inside Asai Moonsault
[22:24] <Rippa> Oh yeah
[22:24] <Rippa> you know what is coming
[22:24] <deanIZdean> Plata with the Toyota through the Guardrail Tope
[22:24] <Rippa> damn straight
[22:24] <deanIZdean> Plata off the top to kill Kendo dead
[22:24] <deanIZdean> Awesome
[22:24] <Rippa> that was scary
[22:25] <deanIZdean> Kendo is a MAN
[22:25] <Rippa> I got no beef with Kendo in that match
[22:25] <deanIZdean> that fucking ruled
[22:25] <deanIZdean> This tape is great
[22:25] <deanIZdean> did you want to stop there tonight?
[22:25] <Rippa> okay - we can cover the Ladies tomoore
[22:25] <Rippa> yeah
[22:25] <deanIZdean> cool
[22:25] <Rippa> tomorrow too
[22:25] <Rippa> The 8 woman ladies match and the lucha rumble
[22:25] <deanIZdean> I'll stock up on vaseline intensive care lotion
[22:26] <Rippa> Its got the really really really young KAORU in it
[22:26] <deanIZdean> what with Bison being there and all
[22:26] <deanIZdean> I'
[22:26] <Rippa> we should make sure the pants are appropriate
[22:26] <deanIZdean> I'm spent
[22:26] <deanIZdean> cool
[22:26] <deanIZdean> tomorrow it is
[22:26] <deanIZdean> Go night Phil
[22:26] <Rippa> Okay - I will talk to you tomorrow
[22:26] <deanIZdean> I
[22:26] <Rippa> So very old
[22:26] <deanIZdean> Cool

Session Close: Mon Mar 24 22:26:41 2003

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Revolution Championship Wrestling (LaSalle, Illinois, 9/15/03)

(by RAVEN MACK)

Revolution Championship Wrestling is your Chicago indy flavor sensation of the year, and goddamn, how much wrestling goes on in Chicago? How come I don't have any Carl Morris tapes to watch? Everyone knows he's the true superstar "CM" of the Windy City. Anyways, this here is some tag match-up stuff to determine a new singles champion, and I think this card was notable because it was one of Raven's first indy shows after getting dumped by Vince McMahon's Sports Entertainment Machine, which led Raven on his current back road to riches, where he's supposedly making more money than he was in WWE, and also hates anybody with a gimmick table at shows not giving him a cut of the action.

The Machine/Willie "Da Bomb" Richardson vs. Tweek Phoenix/Adam Evans

This looks to be a pretty decent-sized crowd, and the shaky handheld is way back in the dark and there's overhead fans and it sounds like live electric guitar and warbled ring announcing and there's a Puerto Rican airhorn and it's chaos, motherfuckin' chaos. I'm assuming the black dude in the ring is Willie "Da Bomb" Richardson, and his partner is some tassle-masked ICP zombie type called The Machine. Hey, I actually heard the next guy's name, he's Tweek Phoenix, so that means his partner is Adam Evans. Tweek and Adam are of the in-shape, well-built and well-attired style of the Colt Cabana/Danny Daniels/CM Punk/Ace Steel successful indy faction. It should be noted that The Machine has 666 emblazoned on his ass, meaning he is some sort of monstrous machine of evil, and I can dig on that. There's some very tinny commentary going on somewhere in the midst of this tape, and Tweek starts out the show by working some indy-style Dusty elbows on The Machine. Premise of match is Machine & Da Bomb are gigantic, and the superior athletic ability of Evans & Phoenix must overcome this immense size disadvantage. The Machine actually hits some nice big-man offense, like a t-bone suplex and a throw-off powerbomb. Da Bomb tags in and puts his girth to work, bombarding the young Evans with a half-splash clothesline thing of devastation, and then mad slow drawn out elbowdrops that would make Buddy Landel happier than a fake preacher getting a blowjob after Sunday school from the cute 15-year-old who he caught stealing from the collection plate. Here's how these matches work – the winning tag teams are entered into a battle royal at the end of the night which will crown the new Revolution champion. Wonderful dastardly tag moves as Tweek whips Da Bomb into the ropes and Evans holds the rope down so the big man goes through, then a pescado to the outside. Da Bomb makes for a very odd Ricky Morton, but he's taken a terrible beaten from his tiny opponents, but finally makes the HELLISH HOT TAG TO THE SATANIC BABYFACE! The Machine actually busts out a running senton. But wait, Da Bomb goes for a pin and The Machine kicks him, and they now fight each other, losing complete sight of the all-important gold they must win this tag battle to qualify for a shot at later in the evening. Indy wrestlers are fuckin' simple. They make up, and as they go for some stupid double thrust with Evans and Phoenix back to back center-ring, of course there's the ol' duck away, and the troubled team punch each other, with Richardson getting pinned for the loss. The Machine is gonna be so pissed, he's gonna have to play Killswitch real fuckin' loud tonight riding home, title-less, in his Chevy Cavalier.

Ace Steel/Airborne Vito Thomaselli vs. Jimmy Jacobs/Cameron Cage

Hey, Ace Steel comes out, that's awesome. Ace Steel is better than any indy wrestler you're currently jocking right now, and I fully endorse his crazy run the ropes real fast ring entrance maniacalness. Steel's partner is Airborne Vito Thomaselli. They are facing Jimmy Jacobs and some other guy who's name I didn't completely catch, but I think it was Terrence Cage maybe? Steel immediately punches some announcer dude or something, creating pre-match tension between him and his partner Thomaselli. Airborne and Jacobs kick things off, and do the standard indy let's armbar and reverse and backslide the fuck out of each other. Ace Steel tags in and is so fuckin' good at so many simple things, like jerking his head with punches so his dyed hair flops backwards, making even a meek poke look violent as fuck. He takes control though and works Jacobs over for a while with a nice menagerie of technical, yet evil moves. He and Airborne hit a nice double team maneuver, but that little upstart Jimmy Jacobs refuses to lay down for the three. Other dude tags in for Jacobs, and gets worked by Ace Steel, a most fluent practitioner of the professional variety of wrestling. Were I given a few grand to book a one-night indy tourney, I'd probably blow it by going to Rodanthe with it and getting drunk on the Outer Banks, and if whoever gave me that money told me he might not cut my fuckin' throat if I could get him some quality wrestlers for his stupid played-out one-night tourney bullshit, I'd tell him Ace Steel pretty early on in that conversation. Team Jacobs does a nifty team slingshot side suplex on Airborne Thomaselli. Steel becomes the wicked deliverer of uppercuts, and all four men hit the ring, breaking this into the portion where dudes get hit with devastating moves, but a diving partner breaks up every pin. After Steel knocks the other guy out the ring, Jacobs comes off the top rope with a Mil Mascarito splash, but gets caught and Steel does all sorts of stylish, mean, nastiness to pin him real quick, and then Ace, not being of the simple indy mindset of the aforementioned dudes from that first match, does the same stylish, mean, nastiness to Airborne Vito Thomaselli, in hopes of pre-eliminating him from the title battle royal.

Bill E. Valentine/J.J. Drake vs. Ryan Boz/Jason Allen

Bill E. Valentine is an Alex Wrightesque heel in dancing nature and build, who attempts to kill himself immediately by diving on his unprepared partner, J.J. Drake. Jason Allen has glorious long blonde hair, and the wonderfully elegant Eryn is ringside for one of these teams. Oh yeah, Ryan Boz is Allen's partner, and as I start to pay attention, Valentine and Boz are doing the old test of strength start-up, and this Boz is a burly looking motherfucker. Boz and Allen do an awesome move where Boz spinebusters up Valentine off the ropes, and Allen follows up with a lionsault, and of course, they don't get the pin because this is indy wrestling in the year 2003, where people refuse to allow devastating moves appear to be actually devastating. Valentine does a wonderful slap-kick, and I'm not too interested in this here J.J. Drake dude. Well, I take that back, as he just dumped Jason Allen on his longhaired head. Allen does this awesome deal where he leapfrogs over an attempted back body drop by Valentine, Allen lands on the other side of him, then does a flip, grabbing Valentine in the flip to go for the sunset pinfall; if you're a skinny dude with longhair in a wrestling ring, you better be able to do shit like that. Boz is indy-style workrate-era Steiner boy, and he rules, nailing a wicked piledriver to pin Valentine while Allen does his second lionsault for a pin on the other dude. And Eryn accompanies them, so she'll be back later tonight, and not enough women have hair down to their ass.

Apollo Starr/Chuckie Smooth vs. CM Punk/Acid

Apollo Starr is your hip hop-infused, dreadlocked, black man in motherfuckin' effect, and he is teamed with Britney Spears' boyfriend, Chuckie Smooth. A lot of people who spend too much time reading shit about wrestling on the internet talk about how great the "commentaries" of guys like Steve Corino or CM Punk are, but I can tell you, in my rampant time-wastings of the internet variety, there are no better website commentators than Chuckie Smooth or Spyder Nate Webb. Chuckie Smooth has to beat up some other dude to be in this match, so he does, and he's wearing a Green Lantern shirt, and now he's in the match. He knocks out the other dude and asks him questions like, "Hey, are you still in this match tonight?" and then answers himself in a high-pitched voice, "No, I'm not!" Great great shit. And then, if that weren't enough small town superstardom by him, Smooth says he's going back to come out to his new entrance music – classic Eazy E from the Eazy Duz It days. The antithesis of Smooth – CM Punk – comes out in all his straight edge glory, and with the World being as fucked up as it is, I just can't see being straight edge at all. Of course, I'm sitting here with no future, broke, drinking beer while watching some shitty fake wrestling from some VFW Hall in Chicago, so I guess that doesn't mean much as a public service announcement. I can't even imagine life without getting fucked up at least once in a while. Punk does his "better than you" spiel, and most chant boring, but it looks like one dude in a bandana wants to fight him. I can respect Punk's penchant for starting riots, and I guess if the World is as fucked up as I say, then him being straight edge to the core makes him the ultra-heel. He should go to Puerto Rico and wrestle; that'd be great. Punk's partner is Acid, who is like on every fuckin' tape I've ever gotten of Chicago indy wrestling, yet I've never seen him in the haunts of other midwestern wrestling fame, like MAW or IWA Mid South or nothing. Just Chicago. As Punk and Acid argue ringside, Apollo Starr hits a plancha on Punk, and then Smooth smoothacranas Acid. Ahh, the awesome added angle of mismatched teams trying to advance, as Starr has Acid in a pinning predicament, Punk runs in and stomps Starr, but as Starr falls off, Punk just keeps stomping on his shitty partner underneath. I dig this Apollo Starr motherfucker; he's ring fluent and malevolent and as competent as you'd expect considering the crew of guys who float around this scene. Man, there's all sorts of indy awesomeness going on – bandana dude in the front row, who seems to be holding a beer, goes over to Punk, and Punk spits on him, some girl sits bandana dude back down, Acid holds Starr out across his knee for that Midnight Express style Eaton legdrop from the top, and as Punk plays Beautiful Bobby, Acid moves aside with Starr after Punk is airborne, and then sidewalk slams Starr, and the real staged event and the pissing off of people who paid to legitimize the staging and all sorts of wonderful professional wrestling live things are going on. The wide-angled handheld shot can be disturbing and hard to follow, but when you get to see fans get spit on or some drunk chick show her tits or three hundred Mexicans throw chairs at the ring, it's more than worth it. Punk finally knocks Acid out the ring and for the first time actually willingly, workedly, takes part in the match, and he completely obliterates Smooth with all sorts of terrible looking things. This is sort of mega-killer how Punk and Acid mock and hate each other, yet Punk is so fuckin' good he can destroy the other two guys, who are both good as well. It sets up for wonderful Punk vs. Acid bullshit in the title battle royal later tonight. And to add insult to grudgery, Acid hits a styles clash on Apollo across Punk's unbeered belly, and rolls Apollo up for the win. And then Punk and Acid beat each other up all the way to the back. Such is their unbridled hatred for each other, as they are probably beating on each other in the next

room, not even caring they're not in a room with a sixteen foot wrestling ring or a bunch of people watching them.

Vic Capri vs. Raven

Vic Capri doesn't have his greasy hair anymore, but he's still a first-class dick, and out he comes to incur the hatred, accompanied by the wayward yet lovable Eryn. Capri will be facing Raven, who wears uglier skirts than the sum median of a pack of art school pseudo-lesbians riding to an Ani DiFranco concert in 1995, though to his credit, Raven's boots are nicer. They do a couple of corner beatdowns that suck, and I'm not digging this particular high dollar indy match nearly as much as I would've expected. Raven seems to be in the "I'm a superstar and don't need to work hard" mode at this point in his life. The fight goes outside, and I can't see a lot of it, but there is some dark-haired chick with giant tits well in camera range, going in for a closer view. Raven does an elbowdrop off the bar, then another, and big-titty chick is wearing some weird patchwork blue jeans, and stands on a chair and the girl with her has a hand on her ass, and the drunken indy wrestling lesbian suggestions of this thrill me. Worked violence goes on, and I know it's awesome because some dude holds his beer high up in the air in approval, yelling "WHOO!" They get back to the ring, and Capri is on the upper hand tip, and Raven doesn't seem to be selling things too well. I once saw a WCW house show, well I was selling sodas at it, and Raven is my actual name on my birth certificate, and the fake Raven had ten thousand people chanting "Raven sucks! Raven sucks!" and it made me sad to my heart; but he was the only guy the whole night who actually sold anything post-match. Everyone else just sort of got up after the match was over and strolled back to the locker room; Raven lost to a diamond cutter and laid in the ring for a good four or five minutes, then gradually staggered and clutched his way up the ropes to a standing position; it was great. Motherfuckers need to be more conscious of that type of shit. Capri slaps a sleeperhold on Raven, and I hereby make a watching-wrestling-with-beer drinking rule to drink immaturely for the sleeper, in honor of growing up a young buck, listening to Johnny Weaver do color on World Wide Wrestling. I don't actually remember Don Meredith singing "turn out the lights, the party's over..." from my youth, only Johnny Weaver doing it when the jobber finally did the job. As they first tease the DDT, we have the worst ref bump I've ever seen in my life, and Ace Steel gets involved, but Raven still kicks out at two because he's a SUPERSTAR! Raven is interfered with by Eryn, and he drags her in the ring and spansks her. Terrible behavior by a role model babyface. There's the DDT and Raven wins, but CM Punk and Ace Steel are back out to beat down upon the well-paid Raven.

Battle Royal for RCW Heavyweight title

Soon enough that clears out, and we have our battle royal for the title. Let's see, who's in this? You're gonna have Adam Evans, Tweek Phoenix, Ace Steel, that Airborne Thomaselli dude, Ryan Boz, his metalhead partner, CM Punk, and Acid. Well, Punk and Steel are the two top dudes, and they just displayed heelish camaraderie in beating up Raven, so I guess the distraught first round partners of both – Thomaselli and Acid – will be our saviors here. Steel and Punk are in the ring already, and everybody else seems to be coming out one by one, and I'm not sure what the rules are, but this seems like a whole lot of brouhaha before a match to me. Oh, it seems all non-Punk and Steel people are in cahoots to take them out. Wait, maybe there's ten people. Well, three people are eliminated. Jason Allen, true to his longhaired tag

specialist roots, gets tossed, but holds the top rope and gets back in. Thomaselli does the same thing when Boz throws him over, and when Boz comes to the ropes to finish the job, leg scissor elimination for his troubles. We are down to Thomaselli and Acid and Punk and Steel. Dig? The partners of the first round matches are now opponents, and all dynamics have changed, and one of these guys will have to win. Punk and Steel do a Jimmy Valiant and Rufus R. Jones butt bump center ring, and that's worthy of a swig of alcohol. Seeing his green hair, you'd think Acid was a piece of shit, but he ain't afraid to come hard with the knees to the eyeball or the chops or anything. "These guys are running on adrenaline," said tinned out commentator a table or two over, and the rush of performing strange combat rituals in front of an eager audience, I'd imagine that's great. Excitement releases dopamine into the brain to make you feel fuckin' killer awesome, and CM Punk, as a stoked pro wrestler, obviously gets off, so to speak, on that excitement, which is basically a drug. You can say it's naturally occurring, and not manifested, but what's more natural, smoking a joint of some homegrown the dude down the road grew this year, or pretending to bludgeon your best friend on a roped stage in front of giddy humans who paid money to look at you all be sweaty and athletic yet not actually compete against each other in actual sport? Yeah, no doubt...Mr. CM Punk's straight edge wrestling lifestyle seems like a pretty roundabout way towards getting high to me. Acid is almost eliminated, but tucks back under the bottom rope. Thomaselli echoes his elimination of Ryan Boz, but Punk pushes off his leg scissors attempt, which was good enough to eliminate others but not Punk, and Airborne is grounded, leaving three men, and Acid as your defiant face facing seemingly insurmountable odds. Raven is back in, and he punches Punk and Steel, and the fans blow their air horns, and Acid again stands a chance. He picks up Steel to throw him over the top rope, but as he gets close, Punk jumps up and flips over both men, abandoning his only comrade in Steel, and showing his true snake nature. Steel lurks in the ring behind him, and I imagine some sort of face-off is about to happen. Yep, and through his gestures it seems Punk explains he thought Steel was hooking the top rope. But Punk wins, and it'd be awesome if that meant they could no longer serve alcohol at the bar. If I was Raven, rather than collect my pay, I'd say do that and I'd cover the losses by the bar. Steel and Punk get ready to fight, and the crowd cheers they're breaking apart, but they hug and smile and make fools of all of you. Punk starts to mocking the fans. He hits his "I'm better than you" spiel again, for good measure, and then out.

EPILOGUE

FIRST STAR OF THE TAPE: CM Punk. I know I ride him for being straight edge, and his promos in Major League Wrestling seemed boring at times, but he's very good, both in the ring and on the mic. I think if the pro wrestling allowed more leash length for creative meanderings, like it did back in the glory days of whatever you like the most personally, Punk could rule it. And he still can within today's context, but I refuse to believe that motherfucker doesn't take painkillers from time to time. Or is prescribed medicine acceptable by today's pussy-ass straight edge standards. I mean, true OG straight edge was about not even having sex, but you don't see motherfuckers marking that on their hands in sharpie that much, do you?

SECOND STAR OF THE TAPE: Chuckie Smooth. The guy is a rock star, plain and simple. With the emergence of rap, and then shitty R&B coated rap, as today's music moneymaker of choice, the rock star has faded into memory, replaced by shitheads in Adidas jumpsuits and backwards

baseball caps who would never do even half enough drugs to warrant a complete blood transfusion every six months like an oil change ala Keith Richards in his heyday. So the community job of rock star falls into the lap of good-time-searching, regular-job-hating, sad sacks of fun-to-be-around shit like Chuckie Smooth.

THIRD STAR OF THE TAPE: Ace Steel. I think Ace Steel is the best white wrestler going today, which means he's better than every Oriental and black man I can think of, and if I had to sit down and ponder it for a while, I'd probably come up with a couple of Mexican wrestlers better, but I'd have to try, so he's at least top five in the World, and you probably don't even give a shit about him because nobody's told you to love on him yet. Well, love on him, because nothing is forever, and he might be a glam rocker with a flying V guitar managed by Lita with a perm on WWE TV before you get a chance to dig the real deal Ace Steel.

~!~

2003 – The Year that Wuz

(by MIKE NAIMARK)

Wonderful winter greetings to you, dear reader, from the magnificent mountains of colorful Colorado, home of Pat Smith, the “most craziest” fighter in UFC history and the site of the first-ever American Vale Tudo event, UFC 1! Has it really been 10 years since the Ultimate Fighting Championship first sought to address the burning question which had been the subject of debate for decades – whether karate was better than kung-fu? Ten years of mixed fortunes for this young sport in North America, from the booming PPV revenues of the early-90s to the political chokeout administered by content providers beholden to professional boxing, finally emerging in 2003 with a smidgen of respectability and enough profit potential to lure the grandest fighting organization in the world to American shores. Both the UFC and the Japanese PRIDE promotion had their moments of brilliance in 2003, and the smaller promotions such as Shooto, Pancrase, and King of the Cage all provided some evidence that the sport continues to have a bright future, even if progress hasn't been as meteoric as some might have predicted some years back.

But enough about ancient history! Let's focus on more current events and consider the accomplishments of the best and brutal-ist in 2003. As has been our tradition in these year-end MMA reviews, we'll have separate awards for both PRIDE and the UFC, as well as one for the rest of the combined promotions. And of course, the highly coveted Paul Varelans Memorial Award, which was hotly perused by a host of walking punching bags on three continents!

Ultimate Fighting Championship

Fighter of the Year Nominees:

1) Matt Hughes: Hughes continued his streak of UFC dominance which stretches all the way back to 2001 when he defeated a crazed primate wielding a femur in an unsanctioned challenge match shortly before winning the UFC's 170lb division title from Carlos Newton. In 2003 he was as dominant as always despite the lack of promotional focus or effort on his behalf from Zuffa Entertainment, owners of the UFC. His two main-event victories in 2003 were both against excellent and skilled fighters, neither of whom had ever appeared on a UFC broadcast prior to making their televised UFC debuts in main events. Hughes dispatched Sean Sherk in April with a solid performance against an extremely powerful wrestler who boasted a 15-0-1 record before being flattened by the Hughes steamroller. In November Hughes engaged in a wrestling clinic against the even more accomplished international star Frank Trigg, whose own visits to PRIDE and Shooto left him with a gaudy 10-1 record which included a controversial win over Dennis Hallman, a fighter who had submitted Hughes twice. Hughes overwhelmed Trigg with technique and scored a quick submission with a rear-naked choke for his 5th straight title defense. Hughes may well be the most dominant UFC champion since a scrawny little fellow out of Brazil showed the world a trick or two back in the early days.

2) Randy Couture: What a difference a year makes! Randy Couture ended 2002 amidst rumors that age had robbed the 38 year-old former heavyweight champion of his ability to compete at the elite level. Following two consecutive losses to much larger heavyweights in Josh Barnett and Ricco Rodriguez, Couture decided to drop down from his usual 220lb fighting weight to the 205lb limit and renew his career in the UFC's light-heavyweight division, considered by many to be the most competitive and stacked division in the promotion. First up for Couture was the man that even the UFC's light-heavyweight champion seemed reluctant to meet – the anti-grappling knockout artist Chuck Liddell, undefeated since 1999 and coming off a brutal KO of the excellent Brazilian fighter Renato 'Babalu' Sobral. With Couture dropping down to a new weight division and facing the most feared striker it had to offer, very few prognosticators gave Randy more than a passing chance at even emerging from the meeting in a standing position. Oddsmakers gave Liddell a 3-1 advantage. Couture took obvious relish in the lack of respect he received going in to the bout, and then proved the expects to be fools as he completely dominated the feared Liddell in every aspect of the game, beating the knockout artist's looping power shots with quick, straight blows and then closing in for a series of powerful high-impact takedowns which even Liddell, perhaps the hardest man in MMA to keep on his back, eventually found himself unable to escape. Couture's 3rd round TKO over the fighter Tito Ortiz refused to fight suddenly empowered the reluctant Tito, and the brash champion quickly agreed to return to the Octagon and meet Couture. Ortiz's power and grappling had laid every fighter he'd faced on their backs, where he would then methodically punish them with brutal elbows and punches in a bloody pummeling. Against the elite Greco Roman wrestler, however, it was Tito who repeatedly found himself on his back, desperately trying to avoid the punishment Couture was dealing. After a completely one-sided drubbing, Tito was left deflated in the middle of the ring, crying, as Randy Couture was awarded the UFC light-heavyweight championship by unanimous decision.

3) Matt Lindland: A teammate of Randy Couture's (and the man who actually owns the facilities where Team Quest practices their dominant blend of wrestling and more wrestling), Olympic silver-medalist Lindland actually ended 2003 with a loss on his record owing to a bizarre

incident in his first match against Falaniko Vitale in June. Lindland, the elite Greco Roman wrestler, actually suplexed Vitale on top of his own head, knocking Lindland unconscious and handing the huge upset win to Vitale in his UFC debut. Lindland quickly avenged the flukish loss in decisive fashion, pounding Vitale mercilessly at UFC 45 for the TKO. 2003 also saw Lindland dominate wannabe nemesis Phil Baroni to earn a second straight decision over the braggadocios New Yorker despite the obvious efforts from the referee to keep the match standing, where Baroni was perceived to have an advantage.

And the UFC's 2003 Fight of the Year Award goes to.....

RANDY COUTURE, who celebrated his 40th birthday as perhaps the #1 fighter in the world at 205lb. Prior to Couture rewriting the conventional wisdom, it was believed that beating both Chuck Liddell and Tito Ortiz in the Octagon would be neigh-impossible. Randy Couture made the impossible look positively mundane in 2003.

Match of the Year Nominees:

1) Randy Couture vs. Chuck Liddell, UFC 43 6/6/03: The match that stunned the MMA world and did the impossible – it brought Tito Ortiz out of exile.

2) Randy Couture vs. Tito Ortiz, UFC 45 9/26/03: The match that stunned the MMA world and did the impossible – reducing Tito Ortiz to a crying little girl in mid-Octagon.

3) Matt Lindland vs. Phil Baroni, UFC 41 2/28/03: A rematch between the top two remaining UFC fighters in the 185lb division, both desperately hoping to fill the void left by Murilo Bustamante's departure. Both men exerted every iota of energy they could muster, and the ending with Baroni raining massive kidney punches down on Lindland as time dwindled away ranks among the most masochistic efforts I've ever witness in a fight.

4) Duane Ludwig vs. Genki Sudo, UFC 42 4/25/03: In the UFC's forgotten 155lb division, two young flamboyant fighters engaged in a thrilling battle of nonstop activity and excitement. The controversy surrounding Ludwig's emancipation from Sudo's ground game in order to check on a cut actually resulting in the UFC changing their rules to prevent fighters from getting such "free escapes" as a result of getting cuts inspected by the ringside physician.

And the UFC's 2003 Match of the Year Award goes to....

DUANE LUDWIG vs. GENKI SUDO, two young studs who didn't need a belt or massive hype to deliver a thrilling bout which featured deft grappling, electric striking, and more changes in momentum than a well-booked pro-wrestling match. Naturally neither man has competed in the UFC since, and Ludwig recently signed a year-long contract with K-1 MAX, where he hopes to rematch Sudo in a striking-only bout.

'Rookie' of the Year Nominees: A new award to recognize the fighters whose debuts had the most impact in a given promotion. To qualify, fighters must be debuting with fewer than 10 professional matches and not have previously appeared in the UFC, PRIDE, Pancrase, or Shooto.

1) Wes Sims: The monster out of Mark Coleman's 'Hammer House' team made a memorable debut against submissions wizard Frank Mir at UFC 43. Seemingly overwhelmed after a Mir takedown, Sims managed to avoid numerous submission attempts before clambering to his feet and dropping Mir on his head to escape an armbar. Sims then followed up by repeatedly stomping on Mir's head, a clear violation of the UFC's rules, which earned him a disqualification. At 0-1 in the UFC, the massive Sims nonetheless made his debut one of the most talked-about bouts of the year.

2) Karo Parisyan: The feisty Armenian judoka brought little hype to his UFC debut beyond that provided by his pedigree as a student of both the master grappler Gokor Chivichyan and the bizarre Gene LeBell, whose reputation in the submission arts is rivaled only by his status as the unpredictable, incomprehensible 'Lou Albano of Fighting'. In Parisyan's debut against veteran Dave Strasser, the debuting youngster made judo look as sexy as a phone booth full of PRIDE girls, tossing the perplexed wrestler around the ring with deft ease using a variety of slick techniques before finally ending the match with a textbook Kimura armlock.

3) Jorge Rivera: Considered a significant underdog in his UFC 44 debut against Canadian star David Loiseau, Rivera looked ready to prove his detractors correct in the early going, absorbing serious punishment and bleeding heavily from Loiseau's assault. But displaying enormous heart and enviable stamina, Rivera survived and began to turn the tables on a stunned Loiseau with a violent striking assault that left the Canadian champion reeling and battered on the way to a unanimous decision victory.

And the UFC's 2003 'Rookie' of the Year Award goes to....

KARO PARISYAN, who showed that you don't need a gi to make judo look more awesome than ninjitsu and Wing Chun combined. His dominant manhandling of a respected veteran fighter may be the most influential technical match of the year.

PRIDE Fighting Championships

Fighter of the Year Nominees:

1) Fedor Emelianenko: Although a well-respected powerhouse whose heavy hands and solid wrestling were well-known going in to 2003, nobody expected Fedor to accomplish what he did the way he did it. Facing the best all-around heavyweight fighter I personally have ever witnessed, Fedor Emelianenko completely dominated the heavyweight champion Antonio Rodrigo Nogueira from nearly the opening bell on the way to a one-sided judge's decision. Fedor fought twice more for PRIDE in 2003 in defense of his title, dispatching the

concrete-skulled Kazuyuki Fujita by chokeout and beating Gary Goodridge mercilessly in one of the most one-sided championship bouts ever.

2) Vanderlei Silva: Silva spent much of 2003 in the corner of his fellow Chute Boxe teammates and didn't enter the ring until September, when he found himself the #1 seed in PRIDE's spectacular Middleweight (205lb) Grand Prix event. Against a stacked field of outstanding fighters, Silva once again distanced himself from the pack by winning the tournament in decisive fashion, knocking out Kazushi Sakuraba in the first round of the tournament before defeating Olympic gold-medalist judoka Hidehiko Yoshida and red-hot American superstar Quinton 'Rampage' Jackson in decisive fashion on the very same night to be crowned Grand Prix Champion.

3) Quinton 'Rampage' Jackson: Despite his tournament-finals loss to Vanderlei Silva, Quinton Jackson had a spectacular star-making year in 2003. 'Rampage' racked up big KO's and TKOs against Kevin Randleman, Mikahil Illoukhine, and Chuck Liddell, and decisioned the always-excellent Murilo Bustamante to advance past the first round in the star-studded PRIDE Grand Prix. Jackson's high-impact style of fighting and his brash, comical persona quickly endeared him to Japanese fans and left many UFC fans scratching their heads wondering why you needed to travel to Japan to see such an exciting, marketable American fighter.

4) Mirko 'CroCop' Filipovic: No other fighter generated the 'buzz' attributable to this fearsome Croatian fighting machine. Looking every bit the real embodiment of Ivan Drago, the 6'2 210lb member of the Croatian Special Forces spent most of 2003 dispatching his unfortunate opponents with brutal precision. Filipovic opened 2003 with a dominant win over Heath Herring in a match that saw 'CroCop' easily avoid Herring's takedown attempt and brutalize the 250lb Texan with rapid, powerful strikes before ending the match with a kick to the body which left Herring begging off with two broken ribs. Filipovic then destroyed none other than the 'Russian Concussion' Igor Vovchanchyn with a single kick to the head that will make highlight reels for the next decade. After an easy knockout of Dos Caras Jr. with another kick to the head, Filipovic was matched against former PRIDE heavyweight champion Antonio Rodrigo Nogueira in a match to determine who would get the next shot at PRIDE's heavyweight title. 'CroCop' dominated the fight, pounding Nogueira with strikes to the head and legs and neatly sidestepping any takedown attempts from the rugged Brazilian. The second round proved his undoing however, as Nogueira finally scored a takedown and quickly maneuvered Filipovic for a picturesque armbar and the tapout victory. Nonetheless, Filipovic remains the most feared fighter in the world today, and you can be sure even the mighty Nogueira is in no hurry to grant a rematch.

And PRIDE's 2003 Fight of the Year Award goes to.....

VANDERLEI SILVA! Already considered the best 205lb fighter in the world prior to the spectacular PRIDE Grand Prix, Silva cemented his position as the most respected and feared 205lb fighter in the world with his dominant victories over the field.

Match of the Year Nominees:

1) Anderson Silva vs. Carlos Newton, 3/16/03: A match between the two finest dancers in all of MMA yielded a spectacular showing and a remarkable ending. Silva, the flashy striker out of the Chute Boxe camp, was unable to avoid the early takedown attempts of Newton but managed to maintain his composure as the slick submissions wizard was unable to lock in a finishing submission. Silva regained his footing and eventually managed to shock all in attendance when he knocked Newton cold with a single knee strike to Newton's well-tested iron jaw.

2) Quinton Jackson vs. Murilo Bustamante, 8/10/03: Replacing injured Brazil Top Team teammate Ricardo Arona, Murilo Bustamante entered the PRIDE GP tournament as the most respected 185lb fighter in the world. Against the red-hot Jackson, Murilo appeared to have the fight well in hand in the early going, eventually sinking in a powerful guillotine choke that had Jackson staging and gasping for air. In a bizarre twist, the exhausted and groggy Jackson had his bacon saved when the drawstring of his trunks became untied, forcing the referee to halt the action before the Japanese audience was forced to confront "Lil' Rampage" in all his dangling glory. Inexplicably, it took the Japanese officials perhaps 5 valuable minutes to finally secure Jackson's trunks, by which time the ill-effects of Bustamante's choke had worn off. Revitalized, Jackson restarted with a vengeance, punishing the slick-boxing Brazilian with massive knees to the body and legs and avoiding his takedown attempts on the way to a razor-thin split decision.

3) Antonio Rodrigo Nogueira vs. Mirko 'CroCop' Filipovic, 11/9/03: As described above, the seemingly unstoppable juggernaut of 'CroCop' was temporarily derailed by the fearless Brazilian master who managed to survive 10 minutes of the most menacing offensive onslaught in the game today.

And PRIDE's 2003 Fight of the Year Award goes to.....

ANTONIO RODRIGO NOGUEIRA vs. MIRKO FILIPOVIC, a thrilling match where the former champion proved that the key to beating cyborg-striker Filipovic is to simply absorb his bone-rattling strikes and wait for just the right time to sink in a submission. Against a deadly striker like 'CroCop', you're never more than 30 seconds away from being on a stretcher, and Nogueira spent much of the first round far closer than that before pulling off the stunning win.

'Rookie' of the Year Nominees: Being the largest and most profitable fighting promotion in the world has its disadvantages. I'd be hard-pressed to think of any if I weren't considering this award, which doesn't apply in PRIDE because they can afford to cherry-pick the best and most experienced fighters in the world for their promotion. However, in PRIDE's inaugural "Bushido" event, rookie Chute Boxe stud Mauricio 'Shogun' Rua joined his older and more established brother Murilo 'Ninja' Rua in PRIDE and proved his mettle with a fantastic win over the ultra-tough Akira Shoji. As the sole nominee, Rua wins by default, but he's clearly an outstanding fighter with a bright future.

The Best of the Rest

Fighter of the Year Nominees:

1) Renato 'Babalu' Sobral: After suffering a brutal knockout at the clubbing shins of Chuck Liddell in late-2002, 'Babalu' rebounded with a string of victories in 2003, capped off by his upset win in the 8-man "International Fighting Championship" event in Denver Colorado. To win the tournament, 'Babalu' had to face formidable competition – first, the rising submissions expert Trevor Prangle was unable to overcome Sobral's excellent wrestling and position and lost a unanimous judge's decision. Next, the undefeated Mauricio 'Shogun' Rua, representing the feared Team Chute Boxe in the tournament, went down to defeat when he was unable to stop Sobral's excellent takedown attempts before succumbing to a rear-naked choke. In the final round 'Babalu' faced the favorite to win the tournament, the outstanding veteran fighter Jeremy Horn, riding high on a 15 fight win streak and a winner in nearly every promotion of note anywhere in the world today. In a closely contested match, 'Babalu' managed to dominate position and avoid Horn's attempts at submission to earn a hard-fought unanimous judge's decision.

2) Yuki Kondo: A well-respected veteran fighter for the Pancrase promotion, Kondo's record for 2003 may seem unimpressive at 2-1-2, but that would be a serious underestimation of his accomplishments for the year. Kondo engaged in possibly the best match of 2003 when he took on the 260lb former UFC heavyweight champion Josh Barnett in the main event of Pancrase's historic 10th Anniversary show and gave the much larger Barnett everything he could handle, landing snapping strikes to the head and thwarting Barnett's work on the ground before the 60lb size differential finally caught up with him. Kondo rebounded from this thrilling loss with a decisive knockout of Sanae Kikuta, one of the most technically sound submissions fighters in the world who had fought Kondo to a time-limit stalemate earlier in the year.

3) Ricardo Almeida: After meeting with mixed success in the UFC, respected Renzo Gracie-trained Brazilian Jiu-Jitsu black belt Ricardo Almeida traveled to Japan's Pancrase organization and caught fire in 2003, going undefeated in 4 matches and capping off his year with a huge submission win over former Pancrase champion Nathan Marquardt.

4) Joe Doerkson: This Canadian middleweight went an impressive 5-0 in 2003 and managed to equal 'Babalu' Sobral's accomplishment by winning a full 8-man one-night tournament, this one in the Hawaiian SuperBrawl promotion. A brilliant submission fighter, Doerkson shocked his longtime fans when he unveiled a fully-developed striking game in the SuperBrawl tournament, scoring only the second and third knockouts of his nearly 30-fight career and dominating the field.

And the 2003 'Best of the Rest' Fighter of the Year Award goes to....

RENATO 'BABALU' SOBRAL, who found himself facing the toughest road in a grueling 8-man tournament and defeated the two odds-on favorites to emerge champion. Sobral looked outstanding (and I say that as a first-person witness of the event) and boosted his stock

tremendously with his showing in a tough field of veterans and hot-shot rookies. 'Babalu' showed that he was worthy of inclusion at any event anywhere in the world.

Match of the Year nominees:

1) Sanae Kikuta vs. Yuki Kondo, Pancrase 11/30/03: A tightly contested bout between two outstanding 200lb fighters. Their previous meeting had ended in a draw; both men are extremely well-rounded fighters, but Kikuta is generally seen as the better grappler, while Kondo is a harder striker. In the end, the striking won out in the third round, but both men showed championship-caliber skills.

2) Art Santore vs. Sean Gray, King of the Cage 8/16/03: A fantastic back-and-forth battle between two youngsters looking to make it to the next level. Santore was the more heralded fighter going in to this bout, but it was Gray who looked like the hot prospect in the first round, pounding his opponent and controlling position. Santore turned the tables in the second round as Gray appeared to tire, and finished Gray off in the third round after quickly gaining the mount and raining down punishment.

3) Curtis Stout vs. Efrain Ruiz, Hook-n-Shoot 5/24/03: The regional Hook-n-Shoot promotion continued to deliver quality action in 2003, and this was a stand-up war with no quarter given. The first round had both fighters furiously hurling deadly blows and absorbing frightening punishment but somehow managing to survive to the end of the round. Ruiz absorbed a terrible beating but administered some punishment of his own before the round ended. Ruiz's corner inspected their young fighter (only his second professional fight) and decided he shouldn't continue, a somewhat unsatisfying end to an action-packed war.

4) Josh Barnett vs. Yuki Kondo, Pancrase 8/31/03: After his suspension from the UFC after testing positive for banned substances, former UFC heavyweight champ Josh Barnett went to Japan and tried his hand at professional wrestling before returning to the world of shootfighting. After dominating super-heavyweight Jimmy Ambriz in his first shoot match in over a year, Barnett faced the much smaller Pancrase veteran Yuki Kondo in a match which rivaled the drama of anything seen during Barnett's tenure at New Japan Pro Wrestling; indeed, you'll see no more picturesque German suplexes in any wrestling promotion than the ones Barnett lays on the feisty Kondo.

And the 2003 'Best of the Rest' Match of the Year Award goes to.....

JOSH BARNETT vs. YUKI KONDO, a hotly-contested battle between two proud warriors with impeccable MMA pedigrees at the top of the biggest Pancrase show of the year. Kondo shows his heart and skill are every bit the equal for Barnett's massive size advantage in a match that seems so one-sided on paper that it would never be allowed to occur in an American promotion.

'Rookie' of the Year Nominees: While many youngsters debuted in 2003 showing great promise and portending bright futures, only one clearly stands above the pack and is worthy of

recognition even at this early stage in his career. Plying his trade in the Japanese ZST ('Zest') promotion, the 150lb whirlwind Remigijus Morkevicius tore through the competition with ease in 2003, going 4-0 with all 4 wins coming via brutal knockout. Morkevicius can be best described as a truncated version of Mirko 'CroCop' Filipovic, possessing hellacious power and fearless aggression in every fight. Unlike 'CroCop', who loves the high kick to the head as a finisher, Morkevicius destroys his opponents with crushing knees from the clinch. The next fighter who can survive against this Lithuanian star of the future will be the very first.

The Paul Varelans Memorial Award: Given to the fighter who best exemplifies the spirit of Paul Varelans by absorbing ridiculous amounts of punishment without hesitation. This year's winner is none other than the noted sideshow attraction Eric "Butterbean" Esch! The Big Bean made his debut in K-1 this year with a knockout over Yusuke Fujimoto, but don't be fooled! Butterbean showed his true Varelans character in his very next match against K-1 mainstay Mike Bernardo. Coming in to the match overweight even for him, Blubberbean was soundly beaten from pillar to post by Bernardo, absorbing numerous thudding leg kicks before being knocked out by a rare kick to the head by the plodding Bernardo. Bernardo thus accomplished something that even the 72 year-old Larry Holmes couldn't in dispatching the rotund lummoX to the land of sleep.

And there you have it friends! An eventful and exciting year in the sport distilled down to a few delicious drops of intoxicating ambrosial ass-whipping, from the mega-events that drew crowds approaching 70,000 to the hidden gems plying their trade in front of 1,000 die-hards. While 2003 offered some of the most memorable moments in the history of the sport, from Randy Couture's emergence as the ageless master of the Octagon to the awesome spectacle of the PRIDE Grand Prix, 2004 promises, perhaps, to be an even greater year for the sport, with the PRIDE promotion staging its first event on American soil in March and the UFC gearing up for an outstanding show to open the year, headlined by a rematch between Randy Couture and Vitor Belfort. So as we bid 2003 adieu and look forward with anticipation to the promise of 2004, let's recall some of the great moments the year as provided us as it dwindles to a close:

- Vitor Belfort eviscerating Marvin Eastman's face, the most hideous laceration in MMA history.
- Bobby Hoffman's return to King of the Cage flaunting a huge Buckwheat-esque afro before losing to Paul Beuntello.
- Phil Baroni losing his cool after an undeserved stoppage against Evan Tanner and striking referee Larry Landless, earning himself a 1 year suspension.
- Luchadore Super Porky making his MMA debut in the DEEP promotion, and getting clobbered and submitted.
- Kazushi Sakuraba's "Super Mario" entrance in the PRIDE Grand Prix prior to upsetting Kevin Randleman.
- The near-riot that erupted between the respective camps of Tank Abbott and Wesley 'Cabbage' Correia after Abbott was unable to continue due to cuts.
- Hidehiko Yoshida putting all the naysayers to rest with a remarkable performance against Vanderlei Silva in the PRIDE Grand Prix – of the 3 opponents Silva faced in the tournament, only Yoshida survived until the end of the time limit.

- Quinton Jackson's consistently hilarious gusher of profanities and off-the-cuff commentary; who knew that K-1 fighter Cyril Abidi "smells like plump ass"?
- Tim Sylvia becoming the second UFC heavyweight champion to be stripped of the title due to anabolic steroid abuse.
- Pete Spratt deflating the hype of Robbie Lawler in the UFC, only to be shunned by the promotion and lose his very next match in a small Canadian show.
- Tito Ortiz reduced to tears, sobbing uncontrollably as he waited for the decision to be officially announced after his drubbing from Couture.
- Genki Sudo landing the double-spinning backfist for a knockout in K-1, a move so flamboyant that I doubt it would even be used in a movie fight.
- Jens Pulver, the last 155lb champion of the UFC, losing twice in convincing fashion in smaller shows.
- The 155lb and 185lb UFC titles remaining vacant for the entire year.

Can 2004 top this string of memorable occurrences? I'm betting it will, but regardless you can be assured that we'll navigate these uncharted waters together like the two-fisted pirates of pulchritudinous pain we are, right here at YOUR Death Valley Driver Video Review!

~!~

Pro Wrestling Guerrilla (City of Industry, California - 7/26/03)
(by RAVEN MACK)

There needs to be some motherfuckin' pro wrestling guerrilla going on, as all forms of the grappling works are getting corny and predictable. You have the sports entertainment science fiction soap opera channel shit, which I tune out. You have the standard indy warrior small dudes who are stiff/great/spotty who hug each other like lost lovers after pseudo-combat, which is so ESPN2 at 12:30 am, late at night, that it's ridiculous. And there's the "HEY! I have money, let's waste it on the best of the indy warrior guys, a bunch of washed up ECW and WCW castaways who got voted off WWE's Survivor Series Island, and a couple of dudes who are friends or fam with the money man or bookerman-style indy show. American wrestling is boring as fuck. Why is letting some dude make your chest red with slaps so great? Why must every drunken wrestler have a drunken wrestler gimmick? The great thing about being a drunk is pretending at your job you're not a drunk; and thus it's also ultra-carny and selling motherfuckin' angles far better than any wrestling I've watched in a while. Shit, half the indy warrior wrestlers nowadays are straight edge, and what's the fun in getting blowjobs from fifteen-year-old rats if you don't have the guilt-numbing soother of drugs or alcohol? And if you're not getting blowjobs, what the fuck are you wrestling for? Why would you let someone beat the shit out of you to look stiff and not get something orgasmic out of it? Or is every goddamned wrestler a miniature sadomasochist of the public variety who's still pissed he never had the personality to actually go out for the football team? Or is everybody a fool, more concerned with reading each other's blogs than sitting on the porch with some dude and actually talking? The World is fucked, doomed, and condemned, and the motherfuckin' wrestling is my entertainment savior, but it ain't been preaching the right verses to me lately. So let's let this west coast killa shit wash over me,

and hopefully cleanse me of my daily frustration. Fuck the oil primer stains on my forearms and the gutter nail stab wound on my finger and the cold weather closing in on my lazy ass, ready to snow my ass out of work for a couple of months and leave me sucking on welfare's poisoned tit like the little bitch that I am. This debut show took place in the City of Industry, California, a motherfuckin' industrial complex I'm sure, built to draw business into some decaying area, because more business is the answer to everything. I say more sitting on the porch is the true answer. And guns, to shoot people who came to tell you that since you didn't pay your rent in the form of taxes that you no longer own the property those little bullshit pieces of paper called deeds work you into thinking you own. Carny. The angle is sold like a motherfucker, red and white and blue refs, counting you out every Saturday morning on UHF television, as you job to a big steroid-laden monster who wouldn't know an armbar from a crowbar, one two three god bless America. Smart Mark video is great simply because they have the match listing glued to the tape box. And "Welcome to the Jungle" is the first thing I hear. Appetite was the soundtrack to delinquency for me, and it promised years more of the same, but GNR got sucked into the City of Music Industry, and became what they wouldn't have wanted to be. A dude emailed me today about "would the 16-year-old you hate the you that you are now?" and I most definitely don't think he'd hate me, but he'd be very distrustful of me. Why am I getting up early when I don't want to go to work? Why am I afraid to smoke weed while driving? You're paying bills? What about seeing Slayer? I am definitely sure that the 16-year-old Axl Rose would want to beat down the current Axl with a faux snakeskin cowboy boot, and take his credit cards for a spending spree at shitty titty bars, not even thinking about the fact it's so easy to get caught on credit card scams like that. Wow, that music is just for the ring announcer, a burly black dude with a happy voice. "No silly promos, are you ready for the action?" Yes, motherfucker, I'm ready, born ready as we say around here.

Charles Mercury/Sara Del Ray/Supa Badd vs. Topgun Talwar/Zokre/Ryan Drago
Six man match with Topgun Talwar, Zokre, & Ryan Drago facing off against Charles Mercury, Supa Badd, & Sara Del Ray. I am assuming Topgun Talwar is the way pent-up dude talking shit, who's theme music is "Highway to the Danger Zone" by the same guy who ruled it on "Danny's Song" when he was buddies with Jim Messina. These guys are all so indy, yet I love Sara Del Rey so much because she's involved in this. Supa Badd is a tall dude who does over-the-counter speed; Charles Mercury is a tiny Chippendale dancer, and Del Ray is a girl. I would like to immediately apologize to Del Ray for my thoughts as she took off her entrance top, because she has a nice-sized ass, the type that poor motherfuckers like me love, and she has a lower back tattoo right in that wonderful cleft that insinuates things even lower, and I love her so much for it, and I apologize for being a man and thinking about that. I'm sure she's a great young wrestler, and is getting in there with the boys to prove her worth, but man oh man, one thing women have in common with smart mark wrestling nerds is they have no idea about the power of pussy. I know I went on an anti-capitalism rant to start things out, but the world would be far better and safer if men could control their pussy-urges rather than if they could reel in their money-urges. In fact, money is basically a euphemism for having guaranteed pussy anyways, since you can always wine and dine or just outright purchase the sugar wall, ideally, when rich. But anyways, Talwar is an annoying dude who flies planes when not wrestling at Frank & Son Card & Collectibles; I'm assuming the scary, tall, fetal alcohol guy is Ryan Drago;

and the masked dude is Zokre, which has to be an obscure reference to something that kicks fuckin' ass. This is gonna be about Supa Badd and Topgun Talwar, I can see that already. Del Ray has the pudge belly too, which is beautiful and perfect and she loves wrestling too, it's hard to fathom. Hey, this is lucha-tinged, which is always a plus. Zokre does this nifty jump for a rana sort of move, but just claps his legs against Mercury's ears. Actually, Zokre does a couple of awesome things, maybe he's Super Dragon's son. Sara Del Ray is in with Drago now, and the cameraman thinks like me and closes in on Del Ray's ass for a second. Everybody seems reluctant to move into the next set of moves in this thing thus far. Supa Badd tags in, and he is skinnier than 1983 Kendall Windham on the Adkin's Diet. Del Ray and Drago obviously call some spots, and your ref is great at almost having a heart attack over some hair-pulling. Now Drago is beating on Del Ray, to put himself over as the ultimate heel, even though she put herself in this mess. And though the rudos beat on this woman like she burned the Sunday pot roast, or fakin' bacon as we have in my house, she kicks out of everything. Abdominal stretch into roll-up pin attempt by Del Ray, but Zokre comes in and, no shit, stomps on her ponytail to break the hold. I have dreadlocks, and my hair doesn't even hurt when it's stomped on. They're taking turns diving on each other, and I hate when indy six-man matches become the deep end of the pool where water is replaced by curtain jerkers. Well, I take that back because Zokre is awesome. Supa Badd gets the main event dive of the six, and does a weak plancha that's more like he stomped on the ringside mats while reaching out to hug the other five people. Okay, Drago does some submission moves, and I wish indy wrestlers would learn how to work simple matches that were good before they went into the seventeen submission things that are so popular now, because when you're not that great yet, it makes that whole style of wrestling, which is overer than shit in indy America, seem stupid and fake. Exposes the business as drunken old schoolers who are broke and simple would say. But as I thought that, Del Ray comes in and lays some wicked forearms on Drago, and I love Del Ray even more. Holy shit, Del Ray actually uses some side headbutts to break out of a German suplex attempt by Drago (I'd German suplex her any day, myself), and then does the same to him, with a bridge, for the win. I imagine her and Drago are a real life item, because why else would you let a woman with a nice ass beat the shit out of you in public? I can also say, thank you pro wrestling, because even after one barely decent six-man match, my immense anger has subsided into a numbed acceptance of inevitability so I might as well enjoy the ride down the drain while it spins fast. Wrestling, along with beer and breasts – both the ones on womenfolk and the chicken kind fried to my satisfaction at the country store – are the pacifiers that keep me calm. God bless complacency. Paul T. comes out as a manager, and he's got a Japanese motif jacket, and starts talking shit on the crowd, and looks like a bartender at a nice bar where I couldn't talk any breasts into my mouth. Whoa, he calls out Sara Del Ray to announce she's going to some cult-joshi dojo in Japan.

Excalibur vs. Chris Bosh

Team Chismo are brought out, and they are all masked and swank, led by Excalibur, who uses "debauchery" in his mic-talking, and says he's not teaming with Disco Machine and wants to...wait, Excalibur has a 16 oz. Sapporo in the ring. Beer and mask and wrestling – yep, I approve. Excalibur challenged any rookie to come get it on, as the big goofy goomba cop ref in UFC used to say, and "Photogenic" Chris Bosh takes up the opportunity, but comes out to "I

Need A Hero", and that's two weird '80s soundtrack type theme songs already tonight. Bosh has some really weird trunks, and hits a really odd rana thing to the outside. The front camera angle with the giant FRANK & SON CARD & COLLECTIBLES SHOW sign gives this the air of some quality indy wrestling, and I imagine Joe Pedicino segueing from this into the Nightmares and New Guinea Headhunters fighting each other all over the Bayfront Civic Center. Excalibur is as painfully malnourished as Supa Badd, but at least covers up his weight deficient body with an all-over masked man's suit. I wish I had thought about it earlier, because I'd love to go out trick-or-treating with my kid as The Assassin – full black body suit, yellow mask, naked hands pointing and making deep-voiced and concise points in the heel vs. face debate. Excalibur wins easily by almost paralyzing the other dude, and Faith No More theme music comes on. If I were a wrestler, I'd have to have the intro to "Lord Have Mercy On My Soul" by Black Oak Arkansas as my theme song. I've got two turntables now, and constantly use that as some weird interlude to crack a skull. This cool motherfucker in California sent me some handcrafted Tijuana wrestling show framed pics, which are glass over a photo with colored tape nicely used to hold pic in place and "frame" the glass, of El Hijo Del Santo and Ultimo Guerrero. I put one on each table, with Ultimo on my right one, since it's the better table, but still I need Santito and the left table, or the right one would be useless. As I speak, Molly Hatchet is on the Ultimo table, and John Coltrane is on the Santito one, as I was fucking around and seeing how "Dreams I'll Never See" sounded with "Invocation from Om" late last night. It didn't work too well, but I thought maybe some Eddie Harris "I Don't Want Nobody" will go better with the Hatchet song, which is begging to be used, and is a great lead-in to my Leon Russell "Out in the Woods" bit, since I have two copies of the studio version of that, plus a live version where ol' crazy Leon explains what the Zulu singing means at the end of the song. Having tables is a lot of fun, since I don't have the patience to learn real instruments, plus I can finally justify having 5000 longplayaz, but I have a shitty mixer which has curbed my cutting learning; and also, I've wondered what would happen if I plug my VCRs into the shitty mixer. I would expect if it made something worthwhile happen, I would have heard about it somewhere before, but even still, not having tried it personally with all the stupid components and cords necessary available, I'll have to do it and watch a blue screen do nothing to prove it to myself.

Shane & Shannon Ballard vs. Scorpio Sky/Quicksilver

The Ballard Brothers look like child molesters. They face comic book nerds Scorpio Sky & Quicksilver. Wrestling masks with no mouth, as displayed by Scorpio Sky, rule the motherfuckin' wasteland. The Ballard boys look like Jerry Lynn crossed with Bakersfield trash descended from Philo Beddo's honkytonk heyday. These guys are actually wrestling though, without reluctance, unlike any other match thus far. Scorpio and Quicksilver do an awesome teaming maneuver, then bust with the masked man Fargo struts, in unison, but with terrible direction. I heartily endorse such nonsense. If only someone would one day pay to see me Fargo strut around a flea market in a mask, I'd be happy. Quicksilver is shenaniganning his way into making the Ballards hurt each other, then tomfooleries them into chillness as Scorpio Sky comes with the kingly style over the top. Quicksilver goes for a repeat maneuver, and the Ballards drop him on his jaw to change the control of this here Australian rule tag team match-up. The Ballards take turns giving Quicksilver migraines and stomach aches in the corner for a minute, and then do some oddball dosey-do armtwist backbreaker stuff, mixing their indy warrior lifestyle with their

honkytonk roots in true hybrid style. Ballards do a wonderfully reckless driving-a-Vega-after-half-a-plastic-bottle-of-Smirnoff move where one Ballard does the old spin by the legs Nintendo wrestling game finisher, but with Quicksilver face down instead of face up, and with no super slow-motion close-up, and the other Ballard boy just sort of jumps in there and dropkicks Quicksilver. The masked brothers come back and win with a dropkick into a Styles Clash set-up that sort of gets bumped into an awkward piledriver, and man, that was great.

M-Dogg 20 vs. Super Dragon

M-Dogg is a guy who, no shit, every time I see him come out, whether live or on tape, I think, "Man, I hate this motherfucker." Yet, he has won my twisted, shipwrecked heart every time out. It must be great to be walking around the ring barricade to shake hands as a great guy, and not have people even lean forward out of their seats to smack hands with you. Super Dragon is his opponent, and were ECW still on the money-wasting descent it was on during it's TNN days, Super Dragon would mos-def be the ECW TV champ, but unfortunately, Danny Doring would probably be World champ, having three-way dances with Shane Douglas and Justin Credible for 47 minutes of the hour show, and then we'd get a Super Dragon match against Sonjay Dutt clipped where all we see is an SD moonsault and the crowd yelling "eee seee dub eee seee dub" like Philly retards, but the TV taping's in Indiana. Both of these guys will COMPLETELY DO SOMETHING STUPID, so I'm thoroughly torqued. They do a little Cirque de Soleil pommel horse bit, then M-Dogg treats the ring like his own personal vault contest and almost goes Chris Reeves, but doesn't, because he's lucky. I hope you learn to respect his insanity before he gets seriously hurt, but then again, it doesn't really matter because it's professional wrestling and the City of Wrestling Industry can spurn out, pimp up, and chew down seventeen motherfuckers just like M-Dogg in the time it takes him to get his second cousin to ghostwrite his "tell-all" autobiography, which won't sell anyways unless it's put out by the WWE. Super Dragon's masks get more and more gangsta as the years grow on. I've always seen Super Dragon as a hybrid of Sabu and the Great Sasuke, which would make him The Great Sabukkake, and that moves him into the weird decadent underworld of artsy wrestling bullshit that involves dildoes wrapped in barbed wire and Harley Racist, and it's all California and their Governor is Arnold Schwarzenegger, and because of that, now the job of cineplex Terminator has been opened up for The Rock, who is no Joe Don Baker, yet will still make mad money with his peanut-head because the World is fucked, doomed, and condemned, and even when your grandfather had bamboo needle-made tattoos over his entire torso to insure purity of the soul, you can still get corrupted by the money medicinal white man and have your soul turned into a two-part interview with Pat O'Brien. M-Dogg is nuts. Holy fuck, he just spikes Super Dragon with a standing rana far worse than the most terriblest Van Dam vs. Jerry Lynn spike piledriver you could ever drunkenly remember as better than it was. Missed sentonsaulthurricanbrianchristopherdrop by M-Dogg, and then SD hits a spinning calf knucklekick on M-Dogg, but only for two. He follows that up with a super-semisault 450 with a flair, and gets the victoire. I'm forearm scar deep into this Carolina cooler (aka 12-pack box) of Old Mils, and there's still four matches left, so I'm sure to be super destroyed before long.

TARO vs. Babi Slymm

Taro is skinny, but has a mask with horns and that more than makes up for it. Open challenge by Taro is answered by 50 Cent's "In Da Club", meaning Babi Slymm, who loves hip hop so much he wears fake gold medallions and misspells his name twice within nine letters. Slymm is cock diesel, which makes for a great comedic foil to Taro's worked egotism. Babi Slymm is awesome, beating up on this white lucha fan while looking like a cross between Xzibit's brother and the son of a Sanford & Son bit character. I always wondered why there was never any Sanford & Son reunion show in the late '80s, where Lamont's son was mixed up in the Crips, and Fred could make fun and mock gang culture. It would've been great, and Kid Frost could've made a cameo. Taro does some shit, pulls down his straps, then realizes he's got the match already, so does the pinfall.

Disco Machine/Mr. Excitement vs. Hook Bomberry/Apollo Khan

Disco Machine is awesome, and Mr. Excitement dances like Jean Claude Van-Damme in that one movie where he gets drunk and dances before dispatching of seventeen secret ninjas meant to not allow him to avenge his brother's paralysis by drug lords who fellate communists and don't like independent truck drivers, much less independent trucks on a skateboard, because they're corporate demons with floating metal cylinders that monitor all troublesome activity; remember that flick? Hook Bomberry & Apollo Khan are the opposition, and both are small and one wears Full Contact Fighter gear. Just like the crowd is silent, so am I in anticipation; there is nothing about this match-up that fires me up. Mr. Excitement and the other dude, who I'm assuming is Bomberry, entice the crowd into caring by smashing each other's face with forearms. The forearm smash rules, because not only is it a great stiff wrestling move, but it's a great self-protecting blow in a real fight. I am missing two knuckles on my right hand, and one on my left hand, so punches don't always work so great unless I have a two inch flathead screwdriver doubling as ghetto brass knucks, and I broke my one arm a few times, so it has super-duper calcium deposits since it never got set correctly. I also have two pieces of metal around my left eyeball to replace bones I broke falling down some cement stairs one time, but unfortunately, they're set in place and I can't load my forehead from within to nail somebody with the loaded headbutt and win the TV title. I can, however, set off the metal detector at traffic court. Apollo Khan just did this awesome thing where he jumped up on the second rope then did a diving headbutt bomb to the knee of Mr. Excitement. Disco submits to an armbar, and some fan yells about refunds, and I could care less about this match.

Joey Ryan/Scott Lost/Funky Billy Kim vs. Al Katrazz/The Hardkore Kidd/Adam Pearce

The X Foundation is Joey Ryan, Scott Lost, & Funky Billy Kim. I read that off the Smart Mark box. They look like comic book nerds who work in the computer department at Kinko's. They face off against Al Katrazz, the Hardkore Kidd, and Adam Pearce, who come out to metal music and a biker holding their belts and a personal photographer. Adam Pearce looks way different than the last time I saw him like five years ago, and there's some metalhead masked dude who has to be the Hardkore Kidd. The good guys are your southern California Barrio Boyz, and though they dive and wear color-coordinated outfits, they are no match for evil and I grew up on Satanic cookouts and Black Sabbaths, so they are no match for me. Pearce, HK Kidd, and Katrazz are like three elder Mickey's double deuce drinkers beating your ass at a Cro-Mags show, which I can dig upon, even if I hate the short-hairedness of their style. I'd still rather laugh

at them beating up the comic book nerd Kinko's kids and have an unspoken truce to not call the cops, which hopefully will be reciprocated when me and my boys beat up some fuckin' sensitive English major types trying to walk home with three riot grrlz from an emo-core show. HOT TAG! HOT MOTHERFUCKIN' TAG! But it don't matter because I'm not sure who's who in blue, and that's a tweetle beetle paddle battle tweeter rattle. Adam Pearce nails the white dude on the good guy team with a title belt, and that's motherfuckin' that.

A.J. Styles vs. Frankie Kazarian

The last match on this here tape is A.J. Styles vs. Frankie Kazarian, and I am drunk. I don't mind telling you that, not because you're some sort of friend, but because you're a fuckin' dude (or chick) on the internet reading this bullshit. The chances of me meeting you in real life are very slim, and if I do, the chances of you actually talking to me are even lower. That's great, because I don't want to meet you. You'd start talking about something I don't really care about talking over, and I'd be polite and stare at you, and eventually I'd be focusing my attention of the eyeball variety on something nearby, hopefully a female ass but more likely a road, and you'd talk and notice my inattention but not enough to slow down or try and involve me in the conversation, and I'd try to be nice but you'd be annoying the fuck out of me, but I'd be too pussy to just be like, "Dude, you're really pissing me off, later man" and I'd stand there, and you'd know I'm not listening and I'd know I didn't want to be there and we'd both keep going, selling the angle, and then we could exchange instant messages about how awesome it all was a few days later. Samoa Joe apologizes for not being able to wrestle, and half an hour away, members of the Boo-Yaa Tribe are shooting up Tone Loc's house. Frankie Kazarian is out for your main event, and he has the ponytail yet shaved sides of head style of every funk music/grunge rocker asshole from any college town anywhere. I bet Frankie loves on some Red Hot Chili Peppers before they sold out. A.J. Styles is the enemy, and where is he? Oh, the music was late, and he wasn't about to come out without his tunage. They do some wrasslin', complete with counters and rollovers and the type of thing that causes heel World champions to kick people in the ribs. I don't think there's a PWG champ though. This match is awesome, like the Stan Lane vs. Robert Gibson portion early on of an RnR Express vs. Midnight Express showdown. Mind spins, need relaxation, Kazarian has dominated thus far, which could mean Georgia is out of water and simple masks and Gordon Solie....I woke up later with the TV screen blue and that was the last line I had written and I have no fuckin' idea what I was trying to say. A whole beer sits there, smelling like it's gonna be a terrible morning tomorrow.

EPILOGUE

FIRST STAR OF THE TAPE: If it's west coast, it has to be Super Dragon. Some dude once told me that SD puts his mask on like five miles from the show, and takes it off the same. He is one completely awesome kick ass motherfucker.

SECOND STAR OF THE TAPE: M-Dogg 20. This kid is mad underused, and he's a much greater spot machine with more originality in his spottiness than most of the popular indy warrior spot machines that everybody always creams all over.

THIRD STAR OF THE TAPE: Hardkore Kidd, because he's tall and mysterious and I couldn't tell you a fuckin' thing about that Kazarian/Styles match I just watched because I don't remember any of it.

~!~

Hamada's UWF Lucha Primera Clase II - PART TWO
(by DEAN RASMUSSEN and PHIL RIPPA)

Session Start: Tue Mar 25 19:52:22 2003

Session Ident: deanIzdean

[19:52] Session Ident: deanIzdean (DEAN@pool-209-158-204-204.rich.east.verizon.net)

[19:52] <deanIzdean> Hey

[19:52] <Rippa> Evening kind sir

[19:52] <deanIzdean> Are we doing round two?

[19:53] <Rippa> whenever you want

[19:53] <deanIzdean> 9ish again?

[19:53] <Rippa> whatever works for you - i am not really going anywhere

[19:53] <Rippa> The wife isnt here - I lead a sad life

[19:53] <deanIzdean> The self touching

[19:53] <deanIzdean> the pizza over the sink

[19:54] <Rippa> I actually had a decent meal

[19:54] <Rippa> I grilled up a steak wrapped in bacon and made a sammich

[19:54] <deanIzdean> You wrapped a stick of butter in bacon and ate it

[20:05] <Rippa> Let me know when you want to blow through the last hour of that tape

[20:06] <deanIzdean> We can it now if ya want

[20:06] <Rippa> if your free

[20:06] <Rippa> Im not doing anything else

[20:06] <deanIzdean> I'm free and all free tv war coverage is over

[20:07] <Rippa> okay - give me two minutes

[20:07] <Rippa> I gotta refind the tape and matchlist

[20:09] <Rippa> I want to clear two things up from yesterday

[20:09] <Rippa> First off - I figured out why you thought Kendo was Kato Kung Lee

[20:09] <Rippa> It was because Kendo was Kato Kung Lee II

[20:10] <deanIzdean> I thought Black Man was Kendo

[20:10] <Rippa> No you thought Kendo was Kato Kung Lee

[20:11] <deanIzdean> No

[20:11] <Rippa> Dont make me search through the log already

[20:11] <Rippa> ANYWAY

[20:11] <deanIzdean> I always thought that Kendo was Black Man before he became Kendo

[20:11] <Rippa> Well he wasnt

[20:11] <deanIzdean> search the log

[20:11] <Rippa> not according to Jose's Kendo Bio

[20:11] <deanIzdean> I AM THE TRUTH

[20:11] <Rippa> okay - what I have point #2
[20:11] <Rippa> the more important thing
[20:12] <Rippa> I have the answer to the Super Calo Dad question
[20:12] <Rippa> It was Greco
[20:12] <deanIZdean> ah
[20:12] <deanIZdean> Which one was Greco?
[20:12] <Rippa> From TomK via a road report
[20:12] <Rippa> TKG: Pete had brought an issue of "Box y Lucha" that had part three of a five-part interview with Bello Greco (one of the original Exoticos and father of the Stones and Super Calo). It's an interesting interview where Greco shoots~! on the current generation of Exoticos. In the same issue there was an interview with indie luchador El Atrevido.
[20:12] <Rippa> I want to say that we determined that Greco was the one in the yellow
[20:12] <deanIZdean> okay
[20:13] <Rippa> The other thing I discovered was that Hamada wasn't afraid to have guys wrestling in their masks after they lost them
[20:13] <Rippa> Because the Brazos mask match vs. the Villanos was in like 89
[20:13] <Rippa> and this show was in 90 and the Brazos were still working with the masks
[20:13] <Rippa> Same thing with either Black Power or Black Man
[20:13] <deanIZdean> Well, luchadors still lose their masks five times in Mexico
[20:13] <Rippa> I think I read every bio on Jose's page today trying to find out who those two were
[20:14] <deanIZdean> What about Takeda?
[20:14] <Rippa> Nothing there either
[20:14] <Rippa> And the internet failed me
[20:14] <deanIZdean> stupid fucking internet
[20:14] <Rippa> STupid google just kept giving me matchlists
[20:14] <deanIZdean> stupid fucking google
[20:14] <deanIZdean> try yahoo
[20:14] <Rippa> Okay - tell me when to start my tape
[20:15] <deanIZdean> Yahoo kicks Google's ass in the Finding Polka Bands From Eastern Europe department
[20:15] <deanIZdean> I'm looking Manami toyota
[20:15] <Rippa> shit - hold on
[20:15] <deanIZdean> Esther Moreno is running in
[20:15] <Rippa> gotta find my VCR controller all of a sudden
[20:15] <Rippa> WAIT WAIT WAIT
[20:15] <Rippa> I haven't started yet
[20:15] <deanIZdean> I'm paused at Aja sneering at the camera
[20:15] <Rippa> And this match is....

AJA KONG/BISON KIMURA/MEDUSA/LA DIABOLICA/XOCHITL HAMADA vs. MANAMI TOYOTA/MIKA TAKAHASHI/KAORU MAEDA/ESTHER MORENO/MARIKO YOSHIDA - Elimination Match

[20:16] <Rippa> Aja Kong/Bison Kimura/Medusa/La Diabolica/Xochitl Hamada vs. Manami Toyota/Mika Takahashi/Kaoru Maeda/Esther Moreno/Mariko Yoshida - 5 v. 5 elimination match

[20:16] <deanIZdean> She has the BALLS TO THE FUCKING WALL handwritten PUNK IS NOT DEAD shirt

[20:16] <Rippa> I blame you for me losing my remotes

[20:16] <Rippa> remote

[20:16] <deanIZdean> Xochitl, the sister we would end up with

[20:16] <Rippa> AH-HA!

[20:17] <Rippa> Okay, were did you pause?

[20:17] <deanIZdean> Aja has an scrunchy type thing on her head

[20:17] <deanIZdean> I'm paused at Aja sneering at the camera

[20:17] <deanIZdean> She has the BALLS TO THE FUCKING WALL handwritten PUNK IS NOT DEAD shirt

[20:17] <Rippa> okay - one sec

[20:17] <Rippa> God Madusa is comically out of place

[20:17] <Rippa> is that past all the comical interviews?

[20:17] <deanIZdean> Oh awesome

[20:17] <Rippa> the place were you paused that is?

[20:18] <Rippa> Oh God - young KAORU

[20:18] <Rippa> I think I might need to change my pants

[20:18] <deanIZdean> I was possibly toasting a load to her while disgracing an Apter mag during this time period

[20:18] <Rippa> Okay - is AJa in the ring sneering at the camera or before?

[20:18] <deanIZdean> past the comical interviews

[20:18] <deanIZdean> she's coming to the ring

[20:18] <Rippa> okay one sec

[20:18] <Rippa> I just past that

[20:19] <deanIZdean> okay I'll start

[20:19] <Rippa> okay I am ready

[20:19] <Rippa> GO!

[20:19] <deanIZdean> Oh that scrunchy was the front view of her UK Subs-level mohawk

[20:19] <Rippa> I will repeat how comically out of place Madusa is in this match especially in her Zubaz pants

[20:19] <Rippa> tiny tiny pants

[20:20] <deanIZdean> Is that really Medusa?

[20:20] <Rippa> Yes

[20:20] <Rippa> What - do you think she is a Pod person?

[20:20] <deanIZdean> Jesus Christ, I would be fucking Bison Kimura STILL RIGHT NOW

[20:20] <deanIZdean> GODDAM

[20:21] <Rippa> I am so in love with Ester Moreno

[20:21] <Rippa> and I am not afraid to say it

[20:21] <deanIZdean> So that's Suzuka Manami

[20:21] <deanIZdean> KAORU age 17

[20:21] <Rippa> Oh yeah

[20:21] <deanIZdean> she's sexy and 17
[20:21] <deanIZdean> my little rock and roll queen
[20:21] <Rippa> this is going to get all sorts of creepy real quick
[20:21] <deanIZdean> KANJI
[20:21] <deanIZdean> bell
[20:22] <Rippa> Sadly - you and I both know that Madusa is going to win this whole thing
[20:22] <deanIZdean> Medusa with a kick to the stomach
[20:22] <Rippa> I think you are like 4 seconds ahead of me
[20:22] <deanIZdean> ill pause
[20:22] <Rippa> and then unpause
[20:22] <Rippa> and would SHOULD BE SYNCHED
[20:22] <deanIZdean> Esther to the outside
[20:22] <Rippa> aww... fun little highspot
[20:22] <deanIZdean> Medusa looks great
[20:23] <Rippa> and Medusa looks like she is wrestling in maternity wear
[20:23] <deanIZdean> Before she ruined by Vince's plastic surgeons
[20:23] <deanIZdean> Who is the masked Luchadora
[20:23] <Rippa> La Diabolica
[20:23] <Rippa> spelled correctly of course
[20:24] <deanIZdean> Give me the matchlisting again
[20:24] <deanIZdean> Aja kills a honeywing
[20:24] <Rippa> Oh yeah - this is so the much more fuckable Aja
[20:24] <Rippa> Hold on
[20:24] <Rippa> This match again is
[20:24] <Rippa> Aja Kong/Bison Kimura/Medusa/La Diabolica/Xochitl Hamada vs. Manami Toyota/Mika Takahashi/Kaoru Maeda/Esther Moreno/Mariko Yoshida - 5 v. 5 elimination match
[20:24] <deanIZdean> BISON KIMURA
[20:24] <Rippa> I think I will start posting the matchlist everytime someone gets eliminated :-P
[20:24] <deanIZdean> sounds good
[20:25] <Rippa> Gotta also love that the crowd is more molten for this than any other match
[20:25] <deanIZdean> Bison was fucking awesome in every sense
[20:25] <deanIZdean> That must be Mika Takahashi
[20:25] <Rippa> I am trying to figure out what Medusa's shirt says
[20:25] <Rippa> the pink on white makes it about as unreadable as an old DVDVR issue
[20:25] <deanIZdean> Teenage Mariko Yoshida
[20:26] <Rippa> AWESOME!
[20:26] <deanIZdean> KAORU!
[20:26] <Rippa> The arm drag thingy was all sorts of bals out great
[20:26] <deanIZdean> you're ahead of me
[20:27] <Rippa> No - I was talking about the armdrags before KAORU tagged in
[20:27] <deanIZdean> KAORU with the butterfly suplex for two
[20:27] <deanIZdean> oh
[20:27] <Rippa> I didnt know there were going to do it again
[20:27] <Rippa> Hey - you gotta love a bridge into a snap mare

[20:27] <deanIZdean> The gal in pink is Mika Tanahashi
[20:27] <Rippa> JESUS
[20:28] <Rippa> THat was firey death
[20:28] <deanIZdean> I am sooo very scared to find out why she no longer wrestles
[20:28] <Rippa> poor poor little KAORU
[20:28] <deanIZdean> KAORU is fo MILFtastic because she is so much hotter now with some years on her
[20:29] <deanIZdean> owie
[20:29] <Rippa> Oh yeah - this is so destroy the rookie match
[20:29] <deanIZdean> KAORU and Bison together all squirmy in the ring makes me feel even creepier than I actually am
[20:29] <Rippa> I can leave the review to you for a few minutes
[20:30] <Rippa> watcha need? 60? 75 secs?
[20:30] <deanIZdean> Bison with the kick to the back
[20:30] <deanIZdean> dickishly taunting the KAORU tag
[20:30] <deanIZdean> Aja comes in to bash KAORU about a bit
[20:31] <Rippa> Oh yeah - this is like the greatest Heel squad ever
[20:31] <deanIZdean> aja with suede stripper boot is disturbing
[20:31] <deanIZdean> not that I would deny her sexuality
[20:31] <Rippa> I am sure she would deny you sexually though
[20:31] <deanIZdean> Gory Special that KAORU reverses into a roll up
[20:32] <Rippa> aw... sweet lucha
[20:32] <deanIZdean> Esther Morena brings the fifty spots in fifty seconds
[20:32] <Rippa> this is going to go 383 minutes before the first elimination isnt it
[20:32] <deanIZdean> I hope
[20:32] <deanIZdean> It'll last longer than the integrity of my pants
[20:33] <deanIZdean> Mika and Medusa take it to the mat
[20:33] <Rippa> Damn - I forgot how watchable Medusa could be
[20:33] <Rippa> oh yeah - there goes a rib
[20:33] <deanIZdean> Was that Yoshida crushing her with a splash while Madusa is in the Figure Four
[20:34] <Rippa> yeah
[20:34] <deanIZdean> Bison punches Mika betwixt her boobies to go into TRANSITION~!
[20:34] <Rippa> Good God
[20:34] <Rippa> Mika has no ears left after that
[20:34] <deanIZdean> God, many a teenager in 1990 became men this night
[20:35] <deanIZdean> Yoshida with the Rolling Cradle and Aja tags in
[20:35] <deanIZdean> Aja BELLYBUCKS! Esther
[20:35] <Rippa> Oh yeah - that was great
[20:35] <Rippa> Aja would so dominate at bellybuck
[20:35] <deanIZdean> Is this Morena contra Morena?
[20:36] <Rippa> Ester takes her bumps all sorts of weird
[20:36] <Rippa> HIGHSPOT TRAIN
[20:36] <deanIZdean> Who is the other Evil Moreno?

[20:36] <Rippa> Oh man - they are upping the degree of death amazingly
[20:36] <deanIZdean> La Diaboliko had a sweet Somersault Tope
[20:36] <Rippa> There were go
[20:36] <deanIZdean> Mika eliminates a Moreno
[20:37] <deanIZdean> Matchlisting?
[20:37] <Rippa> I thought that was Hamada who was eliminated
[20:37] <Rippa> since Moreno is on AJA's side
[20:37] <Rippa> Wait now I am confused too
[20:37] <Rippa> hold on
[20:37] <deanIZdean> Who's in the ring with Aja now?
[20:37] <deanIZdean> that's Esther Moreno
[20:37] <Rippa> yeah
[20:37] <Rippa> I was right
[20:37] <Rippa> Hamada is gone
[20:37] <Rippa> you fucked up
[20:37] <deanIZdean> Working her ass off
[20:38] <Rippa> Aja Kong/Bison Kimura/Medusa/La Diabolica/Xochitl Hamada vs. Manami Toyota/Mika Takahashi/Kaoru Maeda/Esther Moreno/Mariko Yoshida - 5 v. 5 elimination match
[20:38] <Rippa> Hamada was eliminated by Esther with I think a German with a bridge
[20:38] <deanIZdean> Oh, I forgot that Hamada is half Mexican
[20:38] <Rippa> that pinfall was so 1 minute ago
[20:38] <deanIZdean> YEah
[20:38] <deanIZdean> I was thinking it was Esther's sister
[20:38] <Rippa> AWESOME!
[20:38] <Rippa> I am so in love with La Diabolica now
[20:38] <deanIZdean> Esther is eliminated by Diabolika
[20:39] <Rippa> La Diabolica pinned her with a belly to belly off the top
[20:39] <Rippa> Okay - I think this is the first time she has been in the ring
[20:40] <deanIZdean> Okay, we are idiots, that's Manami toyota
[20:40] <deanIZdean> the Sara Plain and Tall is Yoshida
[20:40] <Rippa> So I am thinking it was Manami before not Yoshida who did the top rope splash
[20:40] <deanIZdean> right
[20:40] <Rippa> Yeah - Yoshida of Green Gables hasn't done anything in this match
[20:40] <deanIZdean> The Rolling Cradle should have clued us in
[20:41] <Rippa> well you were bedazzled by the beauty
[20:41] <deanIZdean> She didn't stir anything in me ever until she donned the Spider outfit
[20:41] <Rippa> Well she is like 12 in this match
[20:41] <Rippa> Aww man... bye bye La Diabolica
[20:41] <deanIZdean> Yoshida eliminates Diaboloco!
[20:41] <deanIZdean> Medusa is fucking awesome in this
[20:41] <Rippa> Okay - that was pretty great
[20:41] <Rippa> I love that block of the boston crab
[20:42] <Rippa> Yeah - I dont think I remember Medusa looking this good in anything
[20:42] <deanIZdean> the Flair flip into the corner into a sunset flip

[20:42] <Rippa> even those other Aja matches
[20:42] <Rippa> Manami sense Medusa off to McMahon land
[20:42] <deanIzdean> Manami with the WRIST CLUTCH SUPLEX to eliminate a very game Madusa
[20:42] <Rippa> sends
[20:42] <Rippa> too
[20:42] <Rippa> Oh yeah - this is a goofy portion
[20:42] <deanIzdean> Who killed BISON>
[20:43] <deanIzdean> KAORU with the Asai
[20:43] <Rippa> Okay - here comes Aja
[20:43] <Rippa> Yeah - that got old quick
[20:43] <Rippa> AJA FLIES!!!!
[20:43] <deanIzdean> Aja FALLLS!
[20:44] <Rippa> Bison was hit by Mika I think
[20:44] <deanIzdean> Bison with the sweet sitout backslide for two
[20:44] <deanIzdean> AWESOME
[20:44] <Rippa> Is Mika still in this match?
[20:44] <Rippa> Yeah - everyone is pretty much ruling
[20:44] <deanIzdean> Bison with the Capture Suplex with a bridge
[20:44] <deanIzdean> to eliminate Yopshida
[20:44] <Rippa> Yopshida?
[20:44] <deanIzdean> Aja bashes folk with her can
[20:44] <deanIzdean> KAORU dropkicks to escape
[20:45] <Rippa> Aja nosells the garbage can shots
[20:45] <Rippa> OUCH!!!!
[20:45] <deanIzdean> Aja crushes KAORU's skull with her own skull and goes all Memphis with the piledriver
[20:45] <deanIzdean> KAORU bridges up and so does part of my pants
[20:45] <Rippa> Yeah for a supposed lucha fed - they sure use a lot of piledrivers
[20:45] <Rippa> There goes Bison
[20:45] <Rippa> and Mika
[20:45] <Rippa> Okay - Aja is left
[20:46] <Rippa> and so is KAORU
[20:46] <Rippa> Oh wait
[20:46] <Rippa> that was Manami not Mika eliminated
[20:46] <deanIzdean> I'm so confused
[20:46] <Rippa> So its the Honey Wings vs. Aja
[20:46] <Rippa> that is what is left
[20:46] <deanIzdean> Honey Wings with deuling Savage Elbows from the top
[20:47] <deanIzdean> Aja goes up top
[20:47] <Rippa> AJa attempts to pin both at once
[20:47] <Rippa> This is going to get ugly
[20:47] <deanIzdean> I'm so ahead of you
[20:47] <deanIzdean> squishy

[20:47] <Rippa> no I am just slow typing
[20:47] <deanIZdean> Aja with the double pin
[20:47] <deanIZdean> Well THAT fucking ruled
[20:47] <deanIZdean> So Madusa was actually good at some point in her career
[20:48] <Rippa> Oh yeah - the last two matches so were worth the entire show
[20:48] <deanIZdean> or was that actually Debbie Malenko with a really broken nose?
[20:48] <Rippa> God - that would have been even better if that was Debbie Malenko
[20:48] <Rippa> Her nose is broken though
[20:48] <deanIZdean> God, that might be the Yamada sister I would bring my love to
[20:48] <Rippa> But that voice is so Medusa

LUCHA RUMBLE

[20:49] <deanIZdean> I WELCOME YOU TO THE LUCHA RUMBLE
[20:49] <Rippa> I have that one match of Medusa in like LLPW
[20:49] <deanIZdean> LLPW?
[20:49] <deanIZdean> LAWP?
[20:49] <Rippa> This is so going to be like that EPW battle royal isnt it
[20:49] <deanIZdean> It isn't going to be like the EPW battle royal, is it?
[20:49] <deanIZdean> Not the Murderer, noooo
[20:50] <deanIZdean> Where is Bio-Franken
[20:50] <Rippa> It was on one of the Lorefice tapes that you never watched and gave to me
[20:50] <Rippa> Okay - we should probably talk about the Lucha Rumble and not I AM CODY
[20:50] <Rippa> or whatever the hell his name was
[20:50] <deanIZdean> No, bio-Franken was in the EPw Battle Royal
[20:50] <deanIZdean> Masa Michinoku
[20:50] <Rippa> Okay - Masa Michinoke just hit the ring
[20:51] <Rippa> WAIT!!!!
[20:51] <Rippa> When did Black Man hit the ring
[20:51] <deanIZdean> what
[20:51] <Rippa> are they doing two guys at once?
[20:51] <deanIZdean> I think they cam in together
[20:51] <deanIZdean> OR they edited
[20:51] <deanIZdean> This match reminds me of a battle royal
[20:51] <Rippa> okay so in the ring we got Masa, Black Man, Brazo de Oro and....
[20:51] <Rippa> who is that?
[20:51] <deanIZdean> Oro stiffs Masa like a bitch
[20:52] <deanIZdean> Takeda
[20:52] <deanIZdean> remember...
[20:52] <Rippa> So that is Takeda's less offensive outfit
[20:52] <deanIZdean> last night?
[20:52] <Rippa> Last night Takeda had the mask that said I offend millions of people
[20:52] <Rippa> it was the big bright yellow mask
[20:52] <Rippa> This is not Takeda
[20:52] <Rippa> I thing this might be Kung Fu

[20:52] <deanIZdean> BELLO
[20:53] <Rippa> Okay - two at a time
[20:53] <deanIZdean> Bello Greco is fun so far
[20:53] <Rippa> I cant wait till we find out that we have Greco and Hermoso confused
[20:53] <Rippa> Black Man eliminated
[20:53] <deanIZdean> Oro with the senton on Black Man and Black Man is eliminated?
[20:53] <Rippa> Is this the battle royal where Skull Von Kruss pins Misawa?
[20:53] <deanIZdean> What about the over-the-top-rope rule?
[20:53] <deanIZdean> Masa is out
[20:54] <Rippa> This is a pinfall rumble
[20:54] <Rippa> No wonder Sasuke created his own fed
[20:54] <deanIZdean> This sucks like most Battle Royals
[20:54] <Rippa> He was hated in this one
[20:54] <Rippa> Okay - is that Gedo or Jado?
[20:54] <Rippa> I always forge
[20:54] <deanIZdean> Jado
[20:54] <Rippa> t
[20:54] <Rippa> Thats right
[20:54] <Rippa> Gedo has the amazing mullet
[20:54] <deanIZdean> he shaved the sides of his head since earlier in the night
[20:54] <Rippa> SEE
[20:54] <Rippa> THat is Takada
[20:55] <deanIZdean> right right right
[20:55] <Rippa> So yeah - the orange mask has to be Kung Fun
[20:55] <deanIZdean> OH, The other guy is Kung Fu
[20:55] <Rippa> Kung Fu too
[20:55] <Rippa> Though Kung Fun would be a neat luchadore
[20:55] <deanIZdean> Dogpile pinning doesn't make this any better
[20:55] <Rippa> Oro sure likes grabbing the sweet man ass on the pinfall attempts
[20:56] * Not connected to server
[20:57] <Rippa> You there?
[20:57] <deanIZdean> Gedo is unceremoniously beaten
[20:57] <Rippa> Okay
[20:57] <Rippa> My connection crapped out
[20:58] <Rippa> so I just missed the last two minutes of your comments
[20:58] <Rippa> :-P
[20:58] <deanIZdean> Monkey Magic pins Bello Greco
[20:58] <Rippa> Though I dont think either of us wants to go back and rewatch parts of this match
[20:58] <deanIZdean> oh no
[20:58] <Rippa> Delfin disappoints me by not wrestling with the tail
[20:58] <deanIZdean> fucking pussy
[20:59] <Rippa> Oro is getting the monster push in this match
[20:59] <deanIZdean> Plata enter the ring and I'm suddenly into this

[20:59] <Rippa> and Porky is bringing the Karate to Asai
[20:59] <deanIZdean> Asai is in
[20:59] <deanIZdean> Plata is not effected by Delfinish dropkicks
[20:59] <deanIZdean> goodbye Delfin
[21:00] <Rippa> Takada is getting the giant push of racial insensitivity
[21:00] <Rippa> until right then
[21:00] <Rippa> Okay
[21:00] <Rippa> Kendo still needs to hit the ring
[21:00] <deanIZdean> Takeda seals his fate by trying to pin Plata
[21:00] <Rippa> and we are missing one other Brazo
[21:00] <Rippa> I think that might be it
[21:00] <deanIZdean> As does Hermosa
[21:00] <Rippa> Oh and Black Power
[21:00] <Rippa> Oh yeah
[21:00] <deanIZdean> Oro rules
[21:00] <Rippa> and Fran Hamada
[21:00] <deanIZdean> Hamada comes in
[21:00] <Rippa> Gran too
[21:00] <deanIZdean> and evens it up
[21:01] <Rippa> Fran Hamada was the secretary at my HS I think
[21:01] <deanIZdean> Kendo is in so it's three technicos vs two Brazos
[21:01] <deanIZdean> masks go a flyin1
[21:01] <Rippa> Aww.... Porky unmasked himself
[21:01] <Rippa> body blows have no effect on Plata
[21:02] <deanIZdean> why does this suck?
[21:02] <deanIZdean> it just does
[21:02] <Rippa> its a puro-lucha battle royal
[21:02] <Rippa> And it doesnt have WHO AM I? in it
[21:02] <deanIZdean> ah
[21:02] <Rippa> BLUE PANTHER!
[21:02] <Rippa> Forgot about him
[21:02] <deanIZdean> we forgot
[21:02] <Rippa> we suck
[21:02] <deanIZdean> OkayTHIS CAN'T SUCK NOW
[21:03] <deanIZdean> BP and Kendo do the lucha libre roperunning to make me no longer hate this
[21:03] <Rippa> Geez - Hamada is all about throwing his junk in Panther's face
[21:03] <deanIZdean> Bp with the butterfly backbreaker
[21:03] <Rippa> there goes Kendo
[21:04] <deanIZdean> four rudos vs Asai
[21:04] <deanIZdean> and hamada
[21:04] <Rippa> 4 on 2
[21:04] <Rippa> So I am thinking this has to be Hermoso
[21:04] <deanIZdean> AH! Kato Kung Lee

[21:05] <Rippa> Instead it is Black Power and Kato Kung Lee
[21:05] <deanIzdean> He's wacky as he runs the ropes
[21:05] <Rippa> there goes Panther
[21:05] <Rippa> I hope he got enough money to be able to fly back home
[21:05] <deanIzdean> Hamada randomly eliminate Blue Panther and eliminates my desire to watch this anymore
[21:05] <Rippa> God - that was a nice looking belly to back suplex by Hamada
[21:05] <deanIzdean> hey, black Power
[21:06] <Rippa> he showed up when Kato Kung Lee did
[21:06] <deanIzdean> so much standing around
[21:06] <Rippa> Or - all the Brazos did make it into the ring
[21:06] <Rippa> I missed Kato Kung Lee getting bounced
[21:06] <Rippa> not that I care
[21:07] <Rippa> Dean has fallen asleep
[21:07] <deanIzdean> Asai and hamada pin Black Power while the Brazos stand around
[21:07] <Rippa> as I watching Hamada booking himself to go over in his own battle royal
[21:07] <deanIzdean> I'm sure Asai goes over
[21:07] <deanIzdean> he was the rising star
[21:08] <Rippa> Oh yeah - this isnt a Bunkhouse Stampede
[21:08] <Rippa> that would have meant Dusty
[21:08] <deanIzdean> I think I saw 54 of those
[21:08] <Rippa> well that was goofy
[21:08] <deanIzdean> Brazos eliminated in a very goofy manner
[21:08] <Rippa> the Brazos eliminate themselves because they are too dumb to figure out to let go of each other
[21:09] <deanIzdean> I don't understand what happened
[21:09] <deanIzdean> THIS could be fun
[21:09] <Rippa> You know - there is the chance that these two wrestle for like 14 minutes no
[21:09] <Rippa> w
[21:09] <deanIzdean> Asai vs Hamada in 1990
[21:09] <Rippa> as My counter says this tape is 2 hours and 10 minutes in
[21:09] <Rippa> and the show length is upposed to be 2 hours and 30 minutes
[21:09] <Rippa> supposed to do
[21:09] <Rippa> that was.... odd
[21:09] <deanIzdean> Asai with the Quebradora
[21:10] <deanIzdean> Asai THEN with the weird ass Quebrada
[21:10] <deanIzdean> hamada with the Vertical Suplex for two
[21:10] <Rippa> Oh yeah - the current Hamada dominance so points to Asai going over
[21:10] <deanIzdean> Hamada with the standing dropkick
[21:10] <deanIzdean> hamda with the Plancha off the corner
[21:11] <Rippa> and the Brazos start attacking Hamada on the floor
[21:11] <deanIzdean> Hamda beaten with chairs by los Brazos?
[21:11] <Rippa> Is that Bill ALfonzo?
[21:11] <deanIzdean> That's what's his name

[21:12] <Rippa> that helps
[21:12] <deanIZdean> KDX's WWF manager
[21:12] <Rippa> Wally Yamaguchi
[21:12] <Rippa> That the in ring ref
[21:12] <deanIZdean> Asai with the German and a bridge to win
[21:12] <deanIZdean> That
[21:12] <deanIZdean> that
[21:12] <deanIZdean> that
[21:12] <deanIZdean> wasn't so good
[21:12] <Rippa> I am talking about the white guy on the outside with the mustache
[21:12] <deanIZdean> oh
[21:12] <Rippa> rewind a minute or so
[21:12] <Rippa> you will see who I am talking about
[21:13] <Rippa> he shows up trying to stop the Brazos from brawling
[21:13] <deanIZdean> Everything else on this tape fucking rocks except the main event
[21:13] <deanIZdean> Think Nitro 1998
[21:13] <Rippa> Oh man Hamada and Oro start wasting each other
[21:13] <deanIZdean> Hamada gets his heat back
[21:13] <Rippa> and Hamada claims Oros mask
[21:13] <deanIZdean> Postmatch, Asai is hanging with his dawgs
[21:13] <Rippa> HEY! Asai isnt reading the cue cards as bad this time
[21:14] <deanIZdean> The Brazos match and the lllaaaadies match make this worth getting
[21:14] <deanIZdean> the rest is anomolies of the time period
[21:15] <Rippa> I enjoyed the parts of the tag match that were Blue Panther vs. Asai
[21:15] <deanIZdean> Brazos were fucking great
[21:15] <deanIZdean> Oh, that match was good too
[21:15] <Rippa> we also want to see more Black Man
[21:15] <Rippa> We need to review the other Hamada UWF that I got awhile back
[21:15] <deanIZdean> Want to do it now?
[21:15] <Rippa> that has the Brazos vs. Villanos match on it I believe
[21:15] <Rippa> No
[21:15] <deanIZdean> pussy
[21:16] <Rippa> I gotta call the wife for her birthday
[21:16] <deanIZdean> that sucks that she isn't home on her birthday
[21:16] <Rippa> Plus - I have a feeling it will take each of us 23 hours to find the tape
[21:16] <deanIZdean> you got the logs for these?
[21:16] <Rippa> Oh yeah
[21:16] <Rippa> We are good to go
[21:16] <deanIZdean> let's do the other one tomorrow
[21:16] <Rippa> I want to put this issue out by the end of the week
[21:16] <Rippa> We can - if I am home
[21:16] <deanIZdean> or maybe just that match
[21:17] <deanIZdean> Cool
[21:17] <Rippa> well - we should both see if we can find the tape

[21:17] <Rippa> I believe there is a great great Asai match on the tape too

[21:17] <deanIzdean> what is the date on it?

[21:17] <Rippa> I will rumage around

[21:17] <Rippa> I have to find the tape to know

[21:17] <deanIzdean> I'll find mine and see you here tomorrow night

[21:17] <deanIzdean> night night

[21:17] <Rippa> later

Session Close: Tue Mar 25 21:17:47 2003

~!~

Mid American Wrestling (Milwaukee, Wisconsin - 5/25/03)

(by RAVEN MACK)

Usually, I do these things completely fresh from the evil beer, psyching myself up for the wrestling goodness to cap off a frustrating worker bee day in America; but man, the job site we're working at makes it tough. First, there were these duct boys who were the raggediest pack of rural white boys we've ran across in some time, but I struck the lowest common denominator with them by talking racing (the dude who ran the crew had a #3 and a #8 on opposite sides of his extended cab work van), and we bullshitted and they wanted me to roll a joint since I had dreadlocks and we drank beer and laughed at the peacocks on the farm and fucked off when no one was paying attention. Then you got the carpenters/drywall guys, who I've thrown horseshoes with before and are the white guy liberal sect, probably college dropouts of one sort or another, and they listen to the alternative commercial free radio and love Irish drinking songs and Johnny Cash and Outkast and bluegrass and everything that type of person loves, plus they smoke weed and stand around bullshitting all day long. The heat pump dudes were a pair of young hip hop infused deer hunting boys from the country who smoked cherry blunts behind the shed before they got to work. And then the roofers showed up, a crew of thirtysomething black dudes who loved smoking joints on the roof and talking shit where the crazy one of their crew goes, "We goin' down to the lake at his mama's on Saturday. But we ain't goin' fishin'. You know what we doin, dontcha?" And the hard-working one of the bunch who comes in behind the steering wheel of the late model GMC pick-up they rattle in here in each morning, he says, "Hunh?" "We gonna be getting' Fucked Up!" And it's so perfect, but then there's the mad drama. The duct boys were lazy pieces of shit who showed up to work at like noon, left early, and got high and drunk the whole time. Me and the guy I work for, well, he's a polo shirt painter and is all about business with him, but he's a good and goofy motherfucker nonetheless. And I look like your average raggedy ass housepainter, just extra friendly and less child molesty. So those guys got in the way and held things up for the heat pump guys. And the carpenter liberal dudes hold our part of the job up, which is our only indoors work right now, so we need them to hurry the fuck up and get out the way. But when we show up, they're standing there talking about Subaru stationwagon's all wheel drive and how you can fit four dogs, big dogs, in the back easily. And the roofers are cool, but the lazy ass roll-away dumpster people never came to move the dumpster from the servant house they were working on to the main house of this million dollar farm in scenic Somerset, Virginia, so the roofers are just tearing up three layers of old shingles and tossing them on the side of the house, talking shit about how they ain't picking it up later, destroying the boxwoods, and fuck it. I, personally, don't give a shit,

but the liberal carpenters hate it, and since they're liberal, they can't be outright racist, so they say things like, "Those guys don't care. They're lazy. Those people..." so that it's not really racist if you question it, but for all intents and purposes, it's racist. So the site is full of turmoil and animosity, but I like kicking it with all of them, because that's how I am, so that if I find myself in any number of locales or neighborhoods, I might run into somebody who can verify that "he's cool" and keep me from bad situations, or at least just invite me up on the porch. But I'm also the only one who hasn't gotten high out there at that farm house. Even my polo shirt boss took some bonghits over at the side house where a dude he grew up with moved in after we painted it, because we went in to put the storm windows back for the dude, and when we moved the couch, there was his 8 inch tokemaster. And one of the duct boys, at lunch one day, the piece of shit, was sitting in front of the Somerset Center Store, at the crossroads, smoking out of a glass chillum, yelling at the young girl who worked there, "Shake that thing, girl!" I find myself, at age thirty, more like the brothers on the roof, smoking the joint and laughing at how fuckin' pathetic R. Kelly is, but I usually only smoke the weed at home. Bongs are too much now, too dedicated, and I don't have one for the same reason I don't have an X-box – because if you have that type of mechanism, you are telling yourself you are seriously gonna use it from time to time, and I have little enough free time as it is to waste even more time playing games or watching Sanford & Son and Mr. Show over and over while sucking on a water pipe. Plus, joints are so friendly and communal, and I dig on that vibe sitting in my backyard, by myself, lighting a bonfire with old crates from the feed store in Fork Union. Outside, with fire. No internet with it's evil trickery and manipulation, no mind-numbing television pacifier, no telephone to ring with people trying to talk seriously about shit to me, nothing but flames and lost in mind space.

Well anyways, working in a spot like that, today, classic rock nonsense pumping through my head, painting ceilings like a fool, climbing on the roof to watch the storm roll in off the Blue Ridge mountains, it's real hard to not pick up a tall can of Coors Light on the ride home. This all relates to wrestling in that the job site is like a wrestling locker room, or a Kinko's break room or the kitchen of a restaurant or wherever, in that if you put twenty-five people together, they're gonna talk shit about each other behind each other's back, try to be cool with each other face-to-face, and you're gonna have cocky young dudes who need to be reeled in by a few bruised ribs from steel toe boots at bars, you're gonna have piece of shit older dudes who no one trusts, and you're gonna have happy-go-lucky motherfuckers who barely work but are so goddamned funny you love to have them around; basically everything's like that, and hopefully there's a couple of cool levelheaded cats to make it all stick together and not turn into fucked up fighting and arguing and thieving and near stabbings, like a locker room.

Thus, I find it very far away from sitting by the stack of crates on fire smoking a joint to read about backstage shenanigans at a wrestling show. Who the fuck cares? Or reading about Michael Hayes singing "Jailhouse Rock" at the marriage of wrestling's future doomsday machine creator. So what? For a second he became a Freebird again and was rock-n-roll "I don't give a fuck if you don't give a damn," but then he got walked off by his wife, and I'm sure in the morning he clipped his mental freedom again, just like he clipped his hair back in the day, and broke off an apologetic email to Vince and was no longer a Freebird and again shackled and chained back down in his comfortable rut of an existence. My point is, it's that type of backstage

gossip, "don't misbehave because it's embarrassing" attitude that makes the WWE a big, fat expensive piece of shit to me, and not even worth flipping to in between Newlywed Game reruns.

Mid American Wrestling, on the other hand, fills me with contentedness because it proves there are people like me. They've had giant masked Satanists, and fat girls who love weed showing their wonderful plump tits ringside for the camera, and senseless violence in bars with rock bands on stages. Shit, Carmine DeSpirito looks like the type of guy who'd be sitting beside me in some dark smoke-filled hole in the wall, us sucking back rum and cokes made with rail rum and Wal-Mart cola, stiff as shit because one of us used to live with a guy who played in a band with the bartender, and discussing things like which Sabbath album was the penultimate, or how Alyssa Milano is way hotter than Jenifer Love Hewitt because she has those eyes that say she'd take it in the ass, and whether that punk girl in the Reese's peanut butter cup thrift store t-shirt playing pool across the room with that goofy little Hot Topic punk rocker has pierced tits or not.

All those different types of guys at the job site, none of them gives a shit about wrestling. The black dudes used to like Steve Austin and The Undertaker, but can't watch the stuff now. The white trash dudes are all about Nascar, which is a longtime demographic of the wrestling that seems to be lost. Vince McMahon can pretend he's going for the masses, but his B-movie actors with A-television production ain't getting masses, it's getting the Fast and Furious nu-metal dipshit crowd, and even that is fading fast. Like Howard Dean said, wrestling needs to appeal to the guys with Confederate flag stickers on their pick-up trucks again, because all those families at the flea market that used to wear NWO shirts now wear Intimidator #3 shirts, and sit down for three free hours of television on Sunday afternoon watching cars go round in circles instead of two free hours on Monday night to watch the wrasslin'.

That's one reason I love on the indy wrestling – because it is forced to cater to the insane and small world locals it is immersed in, as it will never have any other outside audience to really speak of. Mid American Wrestling is for Milwaukee, and judging the city by this, I know they love metal and tits and beer, and that means I'm motherfuckin' down. From what I've heard, MAW is moving away from the hardcore shit, but I'm watching the Hardcore Cup 2003 tonight, so let's get down like organic compounds and drink some beer and let the wrestling sooth my soul. By the way, Volume 4 is the best Sabbath record, in case you were wondering.

Horace The Psychopath vs. Ian Rotten

Hey, that Prazak guy is on commentary, and our first four matches are no ropes barbed wire goodies, and they have a bald tattooed man with a giant four post trophy announcing Ian Rotten. Ring announcers should always look like they drink Southern Comfort. Rotten, who really has lost a shitload of weight, is going up against Horace the Psychopath, but the announcer mistakenly announces Dysfunction. Horace wears the hospital gear ala mental problems and some variation on metal corpse paint. Rotten locks up an armbar on Horace, who reaches out to the barbed wire to get a break, and the ref calls for it. They extend the theme, as Rotten gets a rear headlock or something on Horace, who slithers towards the barbed wire for the break, but then Ian grabs it too and slithers him closer to give him the double fistled barb

rake to the forehead, yet Horace eye-thumbs his way out of it before we get blood, and immediately carves up Ian's pocked rutted head. The mixture of the slow escalation of violence psychology of a regular match, but in the barbed wire confines of hardcore wrestling, it's a nice touch to open the night with, especially in MAW. In IWA Mid South, Ian too often goes off on long rambling speeches about how we all need to support them more and how nothing's forever and he's tired, but in MAW, he just does what he does best, and that's mix wrasslin and wrestling, all while hobbling around after ten years of destroying himself. Barbed wire bat carves Ian further, until he and Horace go into a double "let's kill each other" headbutt mode ringside, where both stagger and Horace falls, which turns the hardcore tide, yet establishes Horace as psychopathic competition for the hallowed Ian Rotten. Horace is really goddamned great, his goofy gimmick aside, hitting some spin kicks to the back of Ian's head, and then getting into another headbutt fest with him. Horace ducks and causes Ian to headbutt the ringpost, and then gives Ian some stiff knees to the noggin. White hospital pants and a blue shirt look great when splattered in blood. Roughly executed double underhook DDT onto the barbed wire chair by Ian, which looks more like a suplex, but he gets the win at the pre-designed moment, and that was way fuckin' better than I would've figured. Ultra-violent matches highlighted by headbutts dominate. Horace goes back into crazy guy mode, spinning around discombobulatedly as the crowd chants his name. I see this tape is spiced with post-match locker room promos, the first by Horace, and he obviously is a fan of mid-'90s Cactus Jack. Ian does one as well, and his bloody forehead has dried up and is a plasmic goo, looking like wax-sealing for Evan Williams bottles.

Mad Man Pondo vs. Bad Boy Hido

Mad Man Pondo is such a goofy, crazy bastard, it makes me wonder if he used to do a lot of inhalants. He's facing off against his Jap buddy, Bad Boy Hido, and there's a bed of nails in the ring, and this is gonna kick ass. Bed of nails in the squared circle is a remarriage of 1940s carnival gimmicks, and where's the bloody midgets and snake lady to take it all the way? Holy shit, what the fuck is up with Hido's gloves? They are like the old Sicky Nixx deals from the back pages of Hit Parader, but times ten. Ahh, now I see, both guys are wearing thumbtack covered gloves. Hido casually takes off one glove, lights a Marlboro, steps over Pondo's arm, tosses his other glove out the ring, and burns Pondo's hand on the palm in a scene we've all seen at parties where some dickhead gets his comeuppance in a living room beatdown, and receives a few burns to remind him his hard-learned lessons in the morning. Hido has a Japanese flag on a stick, and uses it like every foreign heel in wrestling history always teased using it, by smacking Pondo right across the forehead with it, rather than the back. Someone should run a hardcore tag team tournament, commissioned by The Shepherders. Hido is getting choked by a drop cord now, and this match is completely like a party turned chaotic, but with a bed of nails laying around instead of some old truck tires. Pondo's getting obliterated, including taking a suplex onto the nails. I usually playa hate on Pondo for destroying people recklessly and not taking the same abuse, but good goddamn, he's completely proven me wrong on this. He reverses thangs by Russian legswEEPing Hido onto the nails, then slapping on a chokeout submission move, which after a minute, causes Hido to tap out. Absolutely insane is that Pondo.

J.C. Bailey vs. Corporal Robinson

Four styrofoam coolers are spray-painted gray, and full of unknown painful gimmicks, and put in each corner, for J.C. Bailey's young suicidal ass and Corporal Robinson to decimate each other with. Corp is the fuckin' man, and proof positive why wrestling is still great, because it gives him a way to live his life and not have to even contemplate settling down into something regular, and still travel and have sex with strange women and have people he's never met give him reefer and alcohol and painkillers and be glad to.

Fuck! Bailey gets powerbombed onto a thumbtack whiffle ball bat, and it's one of those thick bats and it doesn't crush too well and that's got to fuckin' hurt like a bitch. Then Bailey gets a dollar bill stapled to his tongue, and this is only the first round. Bailey fights back by stapling a dollar bill over each of Corp's eyes, and I wonder if one of those new twenty dollar bills that my Canon 1000 can't counterfeit because of the gold tones has been stapled to somebody's bloodied face yet? In a first, Bailey uses a cordless drill with a Philips head attachment to Corp's forehead, and those things are hard enough to control when in a screwhead, I can't imagine that hurting nearly as much as it looks like it would, which makes it the best gimmick of the match thus far. Corp wins the match with the boot camp on a chair, and Prazak sells the pain of the drill. J.C. Bailey staggers to the back with a blood-soaked dollar bill stapled to his tongue, and the crowd cheers. What a fucked up world we live in. Corporal Robinson cuts his backstage promo and is on the eternal quest for a hardcore death match tourney victory. I dig the angle he always seems to get screwed in these things, yet he's fuckin' crazier than everybody.

Spyder Nate Webb vs. Dysfunction

Final first round match-up is a ladder thrown into the no rope barbed wire mess, and Spyder Nate Webb does lightweight insane brutality with Dysfunction. Nate Webb has the longest fuckin' entrance ever, but it's all worth it, sometimes, when his goofy ass runs around the ring hyper-speed style. Webb's been around the World, drunk with midgets as well as Randy Savage, all because of wrestling, and before the age of twenty-one. What a rock star. Dysfunction is great at his gimmick, because he's a decent enough wrestler, but I absolutely hate him. "They are called death matches for a reason, not because people die but because they are death-defying," says Prazak, who is awesomely nerdy. German suplexes onto barbed wire wrapped fiberglass ladders can't feel fun, no matter how well you work it. Nate is moving a table into position, an old guy stands uncomfortably nearby, and there's some super-beautiful chick with empty plastic beer bottles and full sleeves of tattoos, plus a black tank top. Nate does a moonsault from on top of the utility closet, with a chair, onto Dysfunction through the table, and he is a Motorhead song in motion. Moments later, a barbed wire table with Webb upon it did not break upon giant splash impact, instead one of the legs collapsed in a way that so used to piss off Sabu in 1995, and Dysfunction is forced to powerbomb Webb onto the leaning table to break it and consummate the match's finality. The Smart Mark slow motion replay of Webb's chairsault is great, because all sorts of things break and you gotta love the craziness of it all. Sabu is hated on by the online TNM gaming ROH nerd stopwatch carrying snowflake worshippers, but it's all good by me, because Sabu helped pave the way for holy demon modern rock-n-rollers like Nate Webb, even if he does cut the worst fuckin' post-match promo ever. Then again, I guess if you do moonsaults off the utility closet, then you don't need to talk. And Sabu doesn't talk.

Adrian Serrano vs. Austin Aries

Adrian Serrano is your midwest indy Perry Saturn, accompanied by Holli Wood, and man oh man, she's all woman, except her breasts don't bounce, suggesting your dollar bills paid for those things. Austin Aries is the competition, and we'll see what happens. The shootfighter as wrestler gimmick has never worked for me, which is what Serrano does, complete with Tapout trunks and the black gloves. "They never learn; these fans are dumb." Dave Prazak is king on commentary, and it's too bad the whole set-up for commentating nowadays is usually a play-by-play guy who's not a wrestler, and a color guy who actually wrestles, because Prazak is perfect as the heel-leaning tweener commentator. Holli Wood has a big ass; your referee is three Chinese buffet lunches a week fat; and Aries is nailing some niftiness in the ring. An example of proper selling: Aries sells his left arm entirely, and Serrano distracts the ref for valet chicanery, and as Serrano comes back to beat on Aries, he goes for the wrong arm with a kick or two at first, but through the clutching of his left arm, Aries leads Serrano back to where he should be, and the Tito Ortiz wannabe controls the show once again. Aries is the singles match Ricky Morton of this thing, occasionally getting the advantage, but then a haymaker to the left arm puts him back on getting beatdown mode. Hey, Serrano even pulls out the Anderson brothers bodyslams. This is actually a pretty good match, by far, the best one I've seen with Serrano in it. Aries even works in some shootfighting kicks and ankle locks and such. Aries hits a clothesline with his sore arm, and grimaces, then must have this finisher of a spinning elbowdrop, and misses. NINJAS! NINJAS! Aries is on the top rope for a move, and THREE MOTHERFUCKIN' NINJAS (in Adidas jumpsuits) come out to interfere, catching a monstrous Austin Aries plancha to the outside. But there are ninjas involved, in a wrestling match. After ninja disposal, Aries goes for a 450 splash, but Serrano moves and Aries lands on that cursed left arm. Serrano slaps on the armbar and it's over and that was pretty good. Not nearly enough people walk this Earth with a big-assed woman and an army of ninjas.

Brad Bradley vs. CM Punk

Carmine DeSpirito is out to heel manage it up, and he talks shit on that dude who sat in front of me at Ted Petty Invitational 2002 and annoyed the fuckin' shit out of me, saying he's gonna run a promotion where every paying customer gets a tube of Clearasil. In a matter of about five minutes, I've got masked ninjas interfering and a pervert in a dragon print Hawaiian shirt ranking on a guy who perturbed me in actual real life; this Mid American Wrestling is fuckin' awesome. Brad Bradley is Carmine's misguided charge of the night, and he'll surely get all stiff with CM Punk. Having most of my CM Punk encounters of the last few months being his forever feuding with Raven, it's weird seeing him come out hamming it up with the crowd and high-fiving and smiling. He gets the crowd to chant "Dildo! Dildo!" at Bradley, and then brings out The Artist Formerly Known as Daffney as his second to counter Carmine, and she bounces around the ring with her ass sticking out for people to smack. Bradley and Punk start the match out by trying to out-redden each other. I am a big fan of the midwestern stiff indy wrestler forearm smash barrage, like Punk does right there on Bradley's face. Punk gets pinned and ref counts three even though there was a kick-out, so he yells "TWO!" to cover the third slap of the mat. Punk hits the Pepsi Plunge, but Carmine pulls the ref out before the three count. Lucy lurks

ringside in red thong, and nails Carmine with a chair, but Bradley still gets the win with a “vicious big boot right to the face” as Prazak calls it.

Chris Hero vs. Colt Cabana vs. Dino Bambino vs. “Kamikaze” Ken Anderson

Oh man, motherfuckin’ four-way match for the MAW Heavyweight title, and it’s got to rule. I drink in anticipation. Chris Hero is out first, and he is one of the most genuinely nice dudes I’ve ever met in wrestling. Knowing a guy like him makes enough indy money to not have to have a regular job, it makes me happy, and hopeful for my own success, if I could ever figure out a way to scam money off someone for letting me do the dumb shit I’m best at. Colt Cabana is the second guy out, Dino Bambino third, and last but not least, your MAW champ, Kamikaze Ken Anderson. Anderson is way underrated as a midwest indy star, and if Jacobs and Shelley and Cabana and Whitmer and all the usual suspects get booked in the east, Anderson should too. I think the fact he looks so WCW developmental guy circa 1997 hurts him. Cabana and Anderson do a segment, then both tag out to Bambino and Hero. Bambino and Cabana, though, start tagging in and out and doing some teamwork on Hero’s arm. Anderson refuses to tag in when Bambino tries to, and this is one of those fatal four-way matches so there won’t be any eliminations, which I’ve always thought was a gyp. Anderson is Tully Blanchard-style heeling it up, and has sort of lured Hero into doing team moves with him, yet Anderson’s stalling on the way out the ring allows Bambino to kick out of a Hero pin attempt. The basic tag set-up is ruined when Anderson makes the blind tag on Hero after Hero has Bambino wore down. This is building up to Anderson being such a dick no one wants to help him, and Colt Cabana is pining for a tag from anybody, so I figure he’s gonna get wildfired up on Kamikaze Ken at some point here soon. After Bambino ducks the double forearms from opposite directions by Hero and Anderson, we get the hot tag to Cabana, and they all end up doing flips on each other ringside, including big ass Chris Hero.

The thing that gets me about the professional wrestling is how it ruined itself, well Vince and Ted Turner did, sort of. Indy wrestling, for me, is so fuckin’ perfect, especially with a match like this, but how the fuck is an old school fan gonna give a shit? He doesn’t know any of these guys. And no established stars can let go of their ego enough to put over younger guys who fuckin’ rip it in the ring, especially not in some dank building with beer in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and even more especially they won’t put them over at a point when it still seems legit. I remember trying to hip my dad to ECW back around 1997 or so, and he really didn’t give a fuck about most of it, because he didn’t know any of the guys. The one match he dug was when Balls Mahoney pulled a beer out of his pocket to call out The Sandman for a challenge. That made sense to a longhaired country boy who’s most exciting wrestling related moment was filling Haystacks Calhoun’s Cadillac with gas at the Cumberland restaurant in the early ‘70s. He automatically hated the Dudley Boyz for breaking up that match too, and that’s about all he remembered. When the Dudleyz were WWE-ized, I guess we were bullshitting on the phone about Steve Austin quitting and beating up his whore wife, and my dad said what every southern man who grew up on ‘70s/’80s era NWA seems to say, “I can’t even watch that shit anymore, it’s like a soap opera.” But he did say how the only people he knew were The Undertaker and those bastard Dudley brothers.

The point is, crap like TNA ain't gonna go anywhere quick except the bankruptcy clinic, using washed up ECW guys and overpriced lazy WCW castoffs from the paradisiacal riches of corporate sports entertainment contracts. And these indys bust their ass so hard, but the audience is limited because it's preaching to the converted a lot of times. You don't randomly stroll into the Grand Slam without knowing it's gonna rule to see the wrasslin'. And Jerry Lynn and A.J. Styles and Christopher Daniels, as awesome as they are, are not household names. My sister's boyfriend isn't gonna give a shit if the local ham-n-egger promoter brings in one of them. You get Nikita Koloff though, that's a whole 'nother story.

Ken Anderson continues the stall and hide effort, and as Bambino picks up Cabana for a razor's edge deal, Anderson dives into the knee. Wow, Dino Bambino hits one of the most aesthetically pleasing shooting star presses I've ever seen. Hero and Cabana are laid out, and as Bambino goes back up, Anderson takes control with a senton bomb and then pin, visually eliminating all three other men, which was necessary due to the continued motherfuckin' break-ups of pinfalls. That goddamned match kicked ass, and I need to see more Dino Bambino, but I'm also a broke bitch, and I ain't gonna go running out ordering tapes or nothing. Wrestling is great and all, but I like buying more useful shit, like gas to get to work and food for the fam, instead of stupid overpriced wrestling tapes.

Ian Rotten vs. Mad Man Pondo

Now that the great technical wrestling extravaganza is out the way, here comes Mad Man Pondo, to face off on Ian Rotten in a Taipei death match, with light tubes in the corners. Prazak lays out the history of these two bringing the death match style to America, and I remember buying a PWI mag like eight years ago because it had a picture of Kabuki vs. Charlie Brown in it, and the back article of that Inside Wrestling was the four corners of pain Pondo vs. Rotten match outside of a truck stop. I knew of ECW and Cactus Jack in Japan, but goddamn, crazy dudes bludgeoning each other outside of truck stops in America? It sounded great. The World is a sick motherfuckin' place, but luckily I'm a slightly sick man, so it works out entertainingly well.

Ian carves Pondo with a glass shard, Pondo carves Ian with light tube piece, blood consummates the violence, drunk people sit still and watch and clap for testicle punts. Pondo gets goofed loopy by a chair shot, and it's nice to see he sported the tuxedo t-shirt for such a high class event that only happens once a year. The big goof gets a baseball bat with light tubes taped to it and smashes Ian right smart on the brain. I wish I had a dollar for every time I've seen Ian laying in a pile of glass, bloodied and holding his head up just enough to show that twisted bearded grimace of his. I have to imagine that hardcore wrestlers love the fuck out of hydrocodone. Hell, I think it's pretty cool, and I don't even have to sit on the couch at the house with my whole raggedy-ass body feeling like a five year old's skinned knee. "Yeah man, the fat ref isn't too smart," again Prazak is gold with the micro-phonetics. Chairs with a Rubbermaid trash can full of light tubes on top set up like blocks, and Ian dumps Pondo head first into the contraption to allow fate decide how fucked up he gets, which is the way to end a truly insane death match, and your fat ref has cuts on his hand from counting the win for Ian.

Some guy is using a snow shovel to clean the ring. Rotten talks on the mic that no one seems able to cut on all night long except Jerry the Mauler, and Rotten puts over J.C. Bailey as the future of insane. Pondo says some things and I can't understand a fuckin' word of it except an "Ian Rotten" or two in there, and I don't think my hearing's that slurred yet. Wow, again Ian's head, in the backstage promo, looks wax-like. I've never seen blood dry that thickly and gooeey, and you can feel the drunken, sick joy Rotten has for Mad Man Pondo matches, saying they were "married" from 1997 to 1998.

Corporal Robinson vs. Dysfunction

They've got the ethereal beauty of lit-up light tubes on plywood with barbed wire doming over the top in the ring right now. My dad, as fuckin' crazy as he was, would probably be disturbed by this shit. Dysfunction is about to be fed to Corporal Robinson's blunted blood lust. Dys walks around the ring shaking hands, rubbing his head, going "Fuck" as he looks at the ring, and he has sold me on his reluctance. Holy fuckin' shit, Corporal calls for the match to start outside and lets Dysfunction hit him a few times with some weak punches of the worked variety, then Robinson answers with some overhead potatoes of destruction, in straight street fight fashion, and beats the crap out of the kid for a minute. Your first gimmick destruction sees a light tube contraption set across two chairs ringside, and Robinson gets suplexed through it. I'd love to hear Gordon Solie call this match. Dysfunction uses a cheese grater to the forehead, and the kid seems sort of out of place sometimes in the hardcore matches, like he could be doing something else. Death valley driver by Dysfunction on Robinson through another of the electrified gimmicks. Robinson super destroys Dysfunk with the Boot Camp legsweep from the second rope through the last electrified gimmick, and we've got a Robinson and Rotten final.

Ian Rotten vs. Corporal Robinson

Mr. DeSpirito is out to announce the stipulations of the grand finale. He says how he has no love for Robinson, but hates Ian more than any person on Earth, and makes it a barefoot thumbtack death match, but only Ian is barefoot. "I think he's gonna take his boots off, out of dignity," Prazak serves up the king-sized statements as Corporal says he's taking his footwear off as well, to keep it real.

I love hippie girls, not fake ass chicks wearing mall gear bought by daddy's credit card hippies, but for real ass hairy armpit no underwear saggy titties and wrap-around skirts hippies, and those girls will hitchhike from Rhode Island to Wyoming barefoot, and their feet get hardcore calloused soles, which feels kind of creepy rubbing up over your shoulder when you're positioning yourself into ghetto motel corner room on the far side away from the front desk sixty-nine action, and I can't imagine either Corporal Robinson or Ian Rotten walk around the yard much barefoot, much less on asphalt and concrete with broken glass, panhandling for mushroom money or a miracle, so this has got to suck for them.

Ian gets a thumbtack bat to the foot, and a dollar bill stapled to his left heel. Well, there's one for the right foot too, and Ian's walking on money. CM Punk hits the announcing booth and says, "If anybody knows about hardcore barefoot thumbtack death matches, well it ain't me, but it's some entertaining shit." Robinson's head gets put in the pit of tacks, ala Cactus Jack in that first death

match tape we all saw when we got into tape trading, and Rotten goes for the stomp but Robinson moves so it's a foot full of tacks for ol' Ian. Holy fuck! Corp has his shirt pulled off and takes the thumbtack wiffle ball bat to the shoulder, and you can fuckin' see the rows of thumbtack points starting to bleed, complete with some still stuck in his back. This motherfucker is crazier than shit. Double barefoot stomp onto some light tubes on Corporal's chest by Ian, and this shit is absolutely nuts. I notice how they're working the heels of the feet, and leaving the toes good for walking, so that they don't end up crawling around like a couple of hardcore Dorfs. Corporal Robinson bites Ian's toe, and then salt and peppers him with forearms. Ian counters by slapping the thumbtacks in Robinson's back a little deeper. "Now if I was him, I'd staple one of his feet to his other foot," says CM Punk, and to be as great the wrestler he is, he is by far the best color commentator in wrestling in at least a decade. I wish he could've been out here all night, complementing Dave Prazak's indy rock stoner Gordon Solie.

Well, never mind what I said about the heel of the toe being used, because Corporal forces Ian's toes into the tacks, and Ian properly holds it up in the air for the crowd to confirm how fuckin' stupid and wild this is. In a wrestling first, as far as I know, Corporal is bleeding from the top of his foot. At this point, they're both walking like a guy at the beach across the mid-day sand in dog days August who left his flip-flops down by the ocean. Ian "wins" with the double underhook DDT into the tacks, and holy fuckin' shit, this was a demonically pleasurable death match, the best I've watched on the video machine while drinking beer in my stupid house in a while.

The boys in the back come out with open beers for both Ian and Corporal, and the trophy is wrapped in barbed wire, as it should be. I privately slam celebratory alcohol in honor of public stupidity. Someone needs to make a Best of Ian Preaching on the Mic tape. Seriously. I would be all over that fuckin' thing. Ian talks backstage, him and Corporal sitting there on both sides of the trophy, and he says, "Old-fashioned violence with a new aged vengeance," and he rolls into more oratory weirdness. Ian has the heart of a preacher, and not a con man, and I think that's why IWA Mid South is such a financially unsuccessful company. The wrestling is great, because people bust their asses, but the bottom line is murky, and I have no problem with that. Fuck money. It's only a business if you're trying to sell t-shirts; outside of that, there's a lot of people who love the stupid-assed wrestling. Ian: "And the bottom line is, if you ain't hardcore..." And he looks at Corp, who finishes: "You ain't shit, bitch."

I've got a couple beers left, and there ain't no more oratory nonsense to celebrate, or drunken hardcore motivators to cause me to swill more cheap beer while on the review clock, so I'm gonna go put in some overtime in the backyard, maybe let the goats out to see how they act in the middle of the night. I was so stoked to get goats, but we had to have their horns burned so they didn't gouge us all to death, which sort of ruins the highlight of having goats, which is there being a living, breathing metal album cover running around behind barbed wire in your backyard. Maybe I'll force one of the goats against a barb and make them bleed hard way, and then German suplex my German shepherd/black lab mix, and generally wreak havoc on all species on the compound, unless that goddamned Bat Monster starts lurking back in the woods again.

EPILOGUE

FIRST STAR OF THE TAPE: What a gay fuckin' idea, to sit here and watch tapes and do three stars of the tape. I stole that from hockey, which I only got into because of minor league live hockey where I can drink tall four dollar beers and here the opening riffs to "Sweet Home Alabama" every time there's a penalty called. And I steal that goofiness to honor motherfuckers out there being crazy. "Family life is awesome" is what everybody always tells you, but I'm here to counter that. I'm a level-headed motherfucker, smart enough to make my way out of bad situations and be cool with most people, but I'll tell you – fuck all that family shit. One woman and a couple kids is great, but nothing compares to the animalism of long rides to towns you don't know shit about, but you MOTHERFUCKIN' KNOW you're gonna find somebody to fuck and somebody to smoke you out and a cool-ass hotel to crash at where everybody's on the same vibe and nobody's gonna fuck up your good time. That being said, Corporal Robinson is the star of the tape. Like that Method Man lyric, he lives it while we write about it. Well, I write about it, and you just read it, which makes you even further down the equation. Or me. Who the fuck knows?

SECOND STAR OF THE TAPE: Chris Hero. Dude does some moves, and knows how to incorporate them within the match, rather than just busting moves that look cool all the time. In about five years, just like now people call the Sabu-influenced high flyers "spot machines", all these indy athletic stiff hybrid bullshit honorarium wrestlers are gonna be labeled with something derisively, because they do it for "it"s sake, rather than making it part of the match, like Hero does so well.

THIRD STAR OF THE TAPE: Spyder Nate Webb. Happy-go-lucky and wild usually makes for the type of guy who can shoot pool and knows where the party is at.

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U-STYLE (10/6/2003)

(by DEAN RASMUSSEN)

I love the U-Style. U-Style is Kiyoshi Tamura picking up the RINGS mantle that Maeda had a good run with. Tamura has injected a pro-style psychology to create this sort of ELO version of the Beatles as opposed to BattlARTS Cheap Trick version of the Beatles. It's not as fun as BattlARTS but it has a pristine virtuosity of shootstyle that I admire more than crave. So it isn't as great as 1997-1999 BattlARTS, but Jesus fucking Christ, what is? This tournament drew nobody to Koraken hall because they have one draw and that is Tamura. Tamura runs the promotion and has appeared on two of the four shows. Thus, this is basically a WWE show with only OVW trainees in all the matches. But the difference is that all these U-Style guys a fucking awesome and you would want to actually get a tape of U-Style. And Phil Schneider did. And I taped it from him and now I review it. For you. My beloved.

I drink a Hoffbauer and scan a thousand conservative websites as the enormous rules to U-Style are thrown up on the screen in Japanese. The only rule you really need to know about is that they use the RINGS point system where you get 5 points to begin with and every

knockdown and ropebreak costs you a point. So that adds a booking dimension to the already psychologically sound booking of having every finish required to be a knock-out or submission.

Katsuhisa Fujii vs Ryu Echigo: Schneider has a story on all these guys and they all elude me. Katsuhisa has tall Taue93-esque hair so I love him. Ryu has a crewcut and he suplexes and crushes with kicks early but sells the ankle lock attempt before spinning into a reversal. He makes with the bitch slaps to the face that allows Katsuhisa to make the Triangle Choke counter that Ryu turns into the Malenko-Eddy Keylock sequence where Eddy would power into a powerslam. Fuji wins with a German in a very slight, very brief, very opening match.

Kazuki Okubo vs Manabu Hara:

Manabu is nouvelle BattlARTS and looks like the singer for a new metal band- what with the goatee and short hair and severe expression all the time. Kazuki looks like the junior class president from your high school. He looks all pure and chaste but you know that he has shared the scent of stinky pinky with his debate teammates after fingering the valedictorian. He has adorable hair that says all the U-Style rats tap to his fierce love. BattlARTS boy is all fucking great in this, being all slow and methodical but completely unstoppable with his precision- like everything you love about Joe Malenko's matwork. He swarms on Mr Adorable and carries the match with his dickish punches to the sternum in the guard. Okubo the Pussymagnet just can't manage the hate that someone trained by Ishikawa and Usuda can, so you want Hara on offense because you get weird ass heel heat as Okubo fights out of Manabu's far superior matwork. Okubo gets all sloppy with the matwork midmatch as he can't follow Hara's lead. They stand up and start kicking each other and it's the equivalent of two guys in Memphis in 1982 trading punches after exhausting the headlock spot. Hara gets caught in a Cross Armbreaker and loses a point. Hara goes for a guillotine choke and gets all sloppy again so Hara goes into the mount and punches pretty boy in the mouth a bunch as a dozen aching cooters in the audience squeal in protest. Okubo gets a bodyscissors in and Hara tries to figure out what to do with this guy. He opts for kicking him and kneeing him in the back of the head- just like you would. Okubo hits a sidewalk slam and I am baffled. He goes for the keylock and I am back into the realm of shootstyle. They stand up and kick each other and Hara gets knocked down to lose another point. He sinks in the choke on poon-magnet and cooter-master punches Hara's ribs to escape and the crowd is stoked. Hara stands him up and starts kicking him again and flies into a sweet Cross Armbreaker for his first points. They roll through some choke attempts, a few keylock attempts. Okubo fights for the CAB but Hara locks his hands and rolls through and gets the mount and Okubo rolls to his stomach and spins into a kneebar and Hara fights into a mount and it all kinda falls to pieces. They kick each other for a while and this is going kinda long for two guys who don't actually know what they are doing. Hara hits a fucking GNARLEY German suplex and sinks in the choke but Okubo gets to his feet. Okubo gets another knockdown and Hara doesn't answer the count and I'm questioning this match. Hara does a far better German than anybody else in this tournament and the German is the finisher of choice. Either way, Okubo is having young furtive sex with 18 year old Japanese women and you are touching yourself to the Paris Hilton video. There's some heel heat for ya. Postmatch, they hug and kiss and french kiss and have actual male manly sex right there in the ring. It ruled.

Kyosuke Sasaki vs Naoki Kimura:

Naoki Kimura has the worst tattoos in wrestling. He might as well have the entire cast of "Friends" tattooed across his back they are so uncool. They are big and stupid and hideous- akin to one of those (SST) Overkill album covers all over his back and arms. He's not very good but his tattoos will keep transfixed for the whole match and that's more than Rob Van Dam can say. Sasaki has bad hair and the look of a broken man- as if he had hoped to get into the advertising business but a series of sidetracks and meth-amphetamine addictions caused him to become a shootstyle worker. He has the dead eyes of a stripper. Kimura swarms on him early and none of it is very smooth like you like your fixed shoot matches. Kimura gets a single leg and you are impressed by the shittiness of his tattoos. You are transfixed as they award him a point for some reason. Sasaki gets a Crucifix in and suddenly this picks up. Sasaki hits the kneebar and..... ah, I get transfixed with Kimura's back tattoo- it's kinda like that skeleton of an angel that Lisa Simpson finds, but not as cool. Sasaki hits another kneebar and Kimura is losing on points. Sasaki kicks tattoo boy in the head for another point and they have a spirited kicking section where Sasaki ends up doing a beautifully elaborate roll into a crossarmbreaker for the tap out of young tattoo boy. Post match, they annoy me with even more indie hugs.

Hiroyuki Ito vs Ryuki Ueyama:

Ito vs Ueyama is the reason you get the U-Style. Ueyama is like the world's greatest Tango dancer- he is just graceful and flawless, the next great shootstyle fighter. Ito is the 2004 Shootstyle Dynamite Kid- the true carrier of the young shootstyle prodigies. Ueyama is like the first time you ever saw Rey Misterio Jr- you just say HOLY MOTHERFUCKING FUCK, WHAT THE FUCK AM I LOOKING AT AND WHY THIS SECTION OF THE WORLD BEEN WITHHELD FROM ME FOR SO LONG? Ueyama will make you hate Smackdown, Raw, Velocity and Jakked. You will understand why you look for the foreign wrestling because he is as fucking alien as a Martian landing in the ring and getting a triangle choke on Bradshaw. Ito is God-like because he takes the absolute weirdness of Ueyama and makes it digestible for the mere wrestling fan- adding context and psychology and what have you. They stand up for the beginning and feel each other out. Ueyama finally gets Ito in the corner and beats him to death with a thousand punches in 5 seconds for a point. Ito kicks to offense and into the guard. Ueyama grabs the wrist and turns a choke into a crossarmbreaker so quickly that there is no way to truly comprehend it. Ito spins it around and beats the fuck out of Ueyama with punches from the guard. They get into a vertical stance and does a spinning takedown into the mount and beats the fuck out of Ito again and sinks in the choke. Ito spins out and beats the living dogpiss out of Ueyama in his own mount. Ito gets LEGIT HEEEL HEAT by standing up and stomping Ueyama's skull as he lays prone and the yellow card is issued to DK 2004. They stand up and Ito strikes like a motherfucker and YOU NOTICE that Ueyama's KNEE IS TAPED! Ito kicks the living dogshit out of his knee and loses a point to recover with an 8 count. Ito is your true shootstyle motherfucker with the Belly-to-Belly and gets Ueyama on the ground starts SLUGGING UEYAMA IN THE MOTHERFUCKING KNEE and you and I- as professional wrestling fans- weep love's easy tears at the sheer manly beauty of professional wrestling. Then the KNEES to the knee and Ito goes for the Cross Armbreaker and Ueyama rolls to the vertical base and punches Ito in the kidneys and sinks in the CAB for the point. Ito crushes Ueyama's spindled knee as they are stood back up. Ito kicks it again and Ueyama collapses in a heap to

lose another point. Ueyama uses the only thing he has left- his blinding speed to fight back. Ito grabs the ropes on the ensuing Triangle Choke and goes directly into the kneebar to get the point back. Ito goes straight for the knee when they are stood up and Ueyama crumbles to the ground and is down to his last point- as is Ito. Ito nails him in the head and gets a double leg takedown and Ito sinks in the kneebar and Ueyama is like Steamboat in the Figure Four. Ueyama grabs the rope and concedes defeat. Ueyama sold the knee like fucking Shinya Hashimoto in the 1996 G-1 Climax. Ito was fucking BEAUTIFUL in this match. Ueyama is your new shootstyle messiah. Shootstyle Match Of The Year. Bar none.

Katsuhisa Fujii vs Kazuki Okubo:

Kazuki is spent from the between-match threeway with the legendarily ravenous U-Style rats. Fuji uses this edge to suplex early and use his dickish UFO background to punch prettyboy in the kidneys while in the mount. Kazuki hits the ropes early. Fuji smacks him around and throws him on his head and it's two points down. Okubo does the desperation takedown and Fuji reverses it and ties loverboy up in a sheepshank and Okubo loses a third point. They stand up again Fuji kills him with kicks and he loses another point. Fuji kills him with rather fat German suplex for the knockout and loverboy is the victim of the notorious shootstyle squash- no points and the knockout. Poor fella.

Kyosuke Sasaki vs Hiroyuki Ito:

Sasaki still has the dead eyes of a broken man. Ito is GODLIKE. Sasaki is all fun in this match in a carney-weirdo-matwork sense and Ito brings out the best of all shootstyle artisans. Ito also kicks the living fuck out of all shootstyle artisans and gets the first knockdown by kicking Sasaki right across the teeth. WOW! Ito is your shootstyle DiBiase. Sasaki is back up and Ito beats his scrawny ass some more until Sasaki finally rolls into a kneebar and Ito loses a point. The psychology of this match is fucking BattlARTSIAN in it's scope: Ito is stronger and psychotically violent while Sasaki is smaller and faster and Ito has to kill him before Sasaki's speed catches up. Ito gets another knockdown and Sasaki responds with a kneebar. Ito gets a BEAUTIFUL yellow-card-warranting kick to the face during a break and comes up kicking the fuck out of Sasaki until Sasaki can roll into a "So-Carny-That-Volk-Han-Said-What-The-Fuck?" Bodyscissors keylock. Ito gets out and starts kicking but Sasaki rolls into a Cross Armbreaker attempt and THE MATCH HAS SHIFTED to Sasaki. Ito reverses into a kneebar and Ito feeds him the indian Deathlock-like leg thingy and Ito slowly works into CAB attempt with the thoroughly dickish punches to the face. Sasaki rolls into a pretzelization that leaves no ordinance, allowing Sasaki to roll into a rear naked choke for another point. Sasaki is complete fiesty face mode as he fights out of the suplex attempt and tries to bash Ito's teeth in. Ito's fires back with muy Tai kicks to the head that crush Sasaki's tiny skull and he loses another point. Sasaki then absorbs a flurry by Ito and rolls into a Cross Armbreaker for the FLASH WIN! Ito is fucking awesome. I wish he had won so I could see him carry another match. Sasaki is really good when you can get him in with someone who isn't coated with tattoos.

Katsuhisa Fujii vs Kyosuke Sasaki:

I can't really see this being better than the last match because Fuji is a 4th rate Ito. I would assume it will have the same story, except Fuji doesn't try to make anyone look good. Luckily,

my initial fears never materialize because they decide to get all ferocious and Sasaki gets the crowd all riled up as he forces Fuji into the ropes to get the first point. Fuji is vicious in his comeback and Sasaki is defiant in his not taking of an 8 count after getting nailed by a Fuji kicks. Fuji powers out of a keylock and powers into a kneebar that Sasaki counters and they roll around after a lapsed bit of matwork. Fuji gets a sloppy looking kneebar for a ropebreak and Fuji starts beating the fuck out of Sasaki and starts going for a keylock of his own. Sasaki anklelocks for another point and Fuji responds by killing him with kicks and punches. Fuji cranks in the front face lock and Sasaki powers him over and sinks in the armbreaker for a point. Fuji sells the damage and swarms on Sasaki and applies the HALFCRAB! YES! Sasaki rolls through and applies an Inside Texas Cloverleaf that Fuji punches out of and Fuji follows up with a CAB for another point. Fuji's height advantage makes his kicks look nastier when hitting the low altitude of Fuji's head and Fuji gets another CAB and another point. The crowd is pumped for Sasaki and he does a FABULOUS roll into his own half crab. Sasaki no sells a Released German and runs straight into a NASTY looking Crucifix choke thingy. This was fun. Tamura can carry Fuji like a motherfucker, so I look forward to it.

U-Style fucking RULES. Get all of this.

~!~

Ring Of Honor (Philadelphia, PA - 0 3/22/03)

(by RAVEN MACK)

Ring of Honor – the smart fan's delight and sports entertainment's fright. Well, yeah right. I find it highly amusing how folks think ROH poses any threat whatsoever to the McMahon empire, just because it's drawing well for an indy promotion. I make no secret about it, I think Rob Feinstein is a fool, mostly because I don't believe in the blind-eyed "business never personal" capitalist who can condone ripping people off on bootleg wrestling tapes as long as he's making money. But ROH has certainly accomplished what an independent promotion needs – creating a cult audience that can't even see anything coming close to what the cultish wrestling promotion offers. This seems to happen every so often in the history of the WWE, before Vince sees his competition and swallows it up and makes all it's workers look like buffoons, with the exception of maybe a lucky few who get lifetime gigs for selling out their original cult for the Almighty Religion of Doing Whatever Vince Asks of You, no matter how embarrassing or self-defeating it is. Smoky Mountain Wrestling, run by WRESTLING GENIUS Jim Cornette, was popular with the anti-corporate wrestling nerds in it's days, and soon enough, Vince took what he could and repackaged it so he owned the copyrights and made what dollars he could off it, and more importantly, thinned the original cult product's killer Kool-Aid of wrestling into a fuckin' weak-assed remnant of what it had been. Same thing with ECW, run by WRESTLING GENIUS Paul Heyman. Oddly enough, both Heyman and Cornette collect paychecks from Vince nowadays. What does all this teach us? Well, in a few years, Gabe Sapolsky will be collecting a WWE paycheck, Low-Ki and Xavier will be a mid-card tag team of wrestling car wash employees, and CM Punk will be doing color commentary on Sunday Night Heat. Previously, I've only checked out the very early Ring of Honor stuff, and I didn't see what all the pants-wetting was about, but I know it's not fair of me to be so unfair, so I'll go into this thing here tonight with an open-mind. I just don't dig all the stupid hand-shakes and hugs and bullshit

“we’re so fuckin’ stiff it’s crazy real up in here” from guys half my size who wouldn’t even get a crowd having a fight in shop class in tenth grade.

But I’ve enjoyed most of the stuff I’ve seen from ROH regulars in non-ROH matches, and I haven’t watched shit of ROH in some time, so let’s see what the dollar bills of dipshit teenage wrestling-obsessed white kids has bought (funneled through Feinstein’s banking accounts).

The tape starts with Steve Corino talking from a shower in Japan, and I expect Elektra or Missy Hyatt to be in there with him. He wraps up in a towel and the camera pans down to his trunks on the ground, and I fear the homoeroticism of ROH. The Special K raver crew is hilarious, but if they’re partying in the dressing room, shouldn’t the lights be out, there be a couple of black lights on, and people throwing packs of brand new socks around for the super white glow they give? And wouldn’t one of the guys come within camera view having bit into one of those night-glow sticks the army uses, with that highly toxic day-glo liquid dripping down his chin onto his chest? These raver fucks could really use a half-ounce of good boomers and a couple Mark Farina CDs. Techno/dance shit is like hyper-speed hip hop rhythm for the rhythmless where you can basically just shake around to the pulsing bass. Fuck that.

Christopher Daniels is talking smack on Doug Williams, who is a much-touted English anarchist, which seems a long shot from being the barely understandable coach of Grambling University, as well as the black quarterback Flavor Flav speaks of in “She Watch Channel Zero”. I guess another reason I always hated ROH was Xavier. Everybody was bitching and moaning about him being champion, which first of all is stupider than fuck because you’re complaining about a wrestling champion, but shit, Xavier has never seemed that bad to me. I mean, I’m not gonna run out and get his face tattooed on my leg getting cut open by Abdullah’s fork in the ropes or anything, but he’s competent enough. I wouldn’t complain.

B.J. Whitmer vs. Matt Stryker vs. Alex Arion vs. Dixie

I’ve never liked B.J. Whitmer much, and I’m confused by this babyface Matt Stryker being happy to slap hands with the fans. Alex Arion is good enough, and I can dig any gimmick that involved being a recreational drug imbiber (meaning Dixie). Whitmer obviously learned in his brief developmental time with the WWE the visual benefits of baby oil all over the torso. The cult aspects of this product are everywhere, with “HONOR” covering all four turnbuckles, which is funny coming from a tape bootlegger, yet instills in the fans, as well as the workers, that this is something different than regular stupid wrestling, enforcing the code of the smart. The cult wrestling aspect has to work for the workers as well as the fans, so that top-notch talents will be willing to work for almost nothing and put their asses on the line, for exposure in the cult, and hopefully the adoration and claps of the followers. It may seem stupid, but nobody’s getting rich wrestling in ROH. Dixie serves a useful purpose in this one, as being part of a comedy gimmick, he can far oversell other’s offense, which you can’t really do when you’re trying to be a serious technical wrestler. Holy shit, Stryker and Whitmer get into a stiff-fest center-ring, and Whitmer clocks the fuck out of Stryker with a forearm. Whitmer and Dixie end up in there, doing about seven counters until Whitmer dumps Dixie into dislocating his shoulder for the win. It’s nothing a few balloons of nitrous won’t fix.

Jose & Jo-el Maximo/Quiet Storm vs. Special K

So we have an impromptu “scramble tag” match with the S.A.T. and Quiet Storm going up against the Special K posse. Mikey Whipwreck is wearing a sombrero and turning on his stupid students, who he should’ve turned on a long time ago, leaving them on the side of some mountain Pennsylvania road on a cold winter night. There’s crazy carnival-like acrobatic nonsense going on, and I think the S.A.T. just fuckin’ compressed some of Angel’s vertebrae. The moonsault dropkick by Special K is, without a doubt, the most unnecessarily stupid move I have seen since Scotty 2 Taylor’s the worm. Do people still do angel dust? Man, PCP is one fucked up fuckin’ drug. When mixed with pot, it makes you think your pounding heart is gonna explode and you sit there on the back porch while your girlfriend at the time begrudgingly strokes your hair and tells you it’s gonna be okay facetiously as shit, that bitch. And in pure PCP form, good lord, you’re walking around with a potato, studying it’s texture, and next thing you know, after dicing it up, you’re testing how much shit in the kitchen the biggest knife you have can cut through like a Ginsu commercial. I’ve never enjoyed PCP, and if that’s something these raver kids are digging on heartily, well, that’s one more reason for me not to trust those little fuckers. Jo-el does like six powerbombs on Izzy, but Mikey has whippersnappers for everyone he used to train, and Special K wins and it’s time to celebrate with more balloons. Hunter S. Thompson has, in one of his books, I think Hell’s Angels, that paragraph about not knowing the edge unless you go over it, and you push and push, but never really know if you’ve gotten to the edge till you hit it. That was something I always thought about with nitrous, because you’d suck as much as you could off a balloon, and hit that black swimming feeling, and it would get weird and spiral with that electronic hum in your ears, but before any thuds, you’d focus in on a few things and regular sounds would start layering in with the electronic hum, and you’d still be upright and laughing that tinny and slow “haaa haaaa haaaaa”, knowing you didn’t go over that edge. Of course, being in that state and seeing your best friend thump to the ground beside you ain’t always easy to swallow, but the next day, you can always laugh together about what a pussy he is. I would guess the first few times some of these crazy spot-monkeys try to do 680 corkscrew splashes is like that, wondering if you’re gonna pull it off or crack your neck.

God, think about it. Jimmy Snuka doing the devil rules hand gesture and diving off the top rope with his legs stretched back and arms held out was high-flying brilliance like twenty-five years ago. The ability of the human mind to dedicate itself to going overboard with some dumb shit is truly inspiring, and that unbridled obsessiveness is what separates us from the other animals. Shit, I’m drinking beer and watching wrestling as an excuse for creative writing when I could probably be working on that pile of notecards in the corner that’s supposedly the outline for a novel. Stupid stupid humans, pushing towards some edge that doesn’t even exist outside of our own emotional establishments of “responsibility”.

So Special K has a big dreadlocked black man, who’s big by the relative standards of an ROH scramble match, and he clears the ring, but then an even bigger bald-headed black man comes in the ring, and all the miniscule closet homosexuals think about the Penthouse Letters of cuckold men, and quake in excited fear at these giant black men staring each other down. The second bald-headed dude is really big as fuck, even beyond the scramble tag relativity. He is

Mr. Hughes 2K3. There's some bullshit in the crowd, which is probably wrestlers, and this is all too screwy for me.

Dunn & Marcos vs. Trent Acid/Johnny Kashmere

Dunn & Marcos are hair metalheads, and that's a fine line to walk, but I have no problem at all with a guy in a jean jacket sporting an Appetite back patch, though Great White sort of sucks, but at least it's not a Cinderella shirt or nothing. Whoa, that jean jacket guy is in an athletic gray Krokus shirt. The Backseat Boyz are their opponents, and I don't dig Trent Acid because he seems to have started believing his own hype over the years. He's like Kid Kash, but without all the television wrestling exposure. Dunn and Marcos are fuckin' awesome. I'd love to mark out for Marcos more, because of the jean jacket, but damn if Dunn isn't ripping it as well. Backseats win though, of course, and I bet Trent Acid gets pussy like Anthony Kiedis in 1986; girls love the long hair, it allows them to experiment with their inner-lesbian, at least visually.

Da Hit Squad meets those Backseaters right behind the curtain, which is a nice angle, them having to answer immediately for their in-ring post-match shit talking.

Doug Williams vs. Christopher Daniels

Doug Williams doesn't look much like a stereotypical British anarchist, nor a famous black quarterback, and the pasty bitch accompanying Christopher Daniels, forgive me for not knowing her name, is hot in a gothic porn sort of way. Williams is sizable, which is refreshing, and he looks British, which means he looks drunk. They bring the gold immediately, as when Daniels went for the exaggerated flip reversal of an armbar, Williams grabbed him for a roll-up, then went right back to the armbar. I never actually heard anybody declare the Code of Honor until the shitty commentator just did, and they call them Commandments, reiterating the cult of wrestling theme. Of course, there's only five "Commandments", suggesting wrestling is only half as restrictive as Christianity, though the heels of the Bible are much more metal-album cover inspiring than those who break the code of wrestling honor. Williams is working the neck, and Daniels is working the ribs, and everything is going to those two themes, whether it be offense or a calm moment selling of previous injuries. I don't know if the dude who I got this from taped it from DVD or what, but there's weird glitches from time to time. I'd like to think it's terrible production by RF Video though, so you should always support bootleggers of the bootlegger. Second generation learns from the mistakes of first generation, time has taught me that. Oh, so that's Allison Danger at ringside. Is that really Steve Corino's sister, or just fake wrestling sister? I really dig lace-up clothes on dark-haired women. Doug Williams retakes control and is dropping Daniels on his neck, and your ref looks British too. And that was one fucked up vicious tornado DDT by Williams. This match is all sorts of awesome. All sorts of awesome. If this is what I've been missing with ROH, I wish I had took the time to trade with some other guy for this shit a long time ago. Williams hits his roll through German suplex Chaos Theory thing, and that's great and all, but with everybody kicking out of seventeen different moves, you sort of don't expect anybody to ever get pinned and it seems dumb when they do. The #1 Contender trophy is perfectly indy, because it's has a giant base and with that plaque with the size 48 font saying "ROH Title Contender" in Olde English 800 letters.

C.W. Anderson/Samoa Joe/Jack Victory vs. Homicide/Da Hit Squad

So Homicide's posse talks shit from the crowd to C.W. Anderson, and then one of his posse gets beat up, and somehow we end up with Samoa Joe & C.W. Anderson & Jack Victory vs. Homicide & Da Hit Squad. I love Samoa Joe because he's the first Samoan wrestler, ever, to not either be a hip hop-tinged uncivilized gangsta or a coconut carrying uncivilized wildman. Da Hit Squad is basically the Headhunters repackaged for workrate nerds, where instead of taking unprotected chairshots, they bust with strong style lariats. Whoa, Samoa Joe did a tope. The ROH guard rail rules, too, because it's like a poorly made Tijuana wrestling cage, in that it breaks apart upon the smallest impact, making the violence seem MOTHERFUCKIN' GIGANTIC! Women are fighting, and if I ever see a woman wearing some shit with one pants leg only, I'm gonna beat the fuck out of her. The stupid one pants leg bitch took the Cop Killa from Homicide, which is pretty brutal. But then C.W. fucks him up, and they do a spinebuster on a garbage can and the ref calls for the bell because the Code of Honor has been victim of a golden shower of garbage wrestling, and now Louie Ramos is in the ring with a machete and he chops through the garbage can lid to show how hardcore he is and this is stupid. Homicide's posse helps him away from trouble and out the front door.

Mase/Hotstuff Hernandez vs. Tony Devito/H.C. Loc

Mase is gay, which is very rare in professional wrestling, and he's teaming with Hotstuff Hernandez, who kicks ass. They are doing honorable entangled battle with The Carnage Crew, who is that hardcore ref from ECW and that Da Baldie ringleader from ECW. Everyone knows Vic Grimes was the best baldie. Devito has the look of one of those short, stocky guys who's always too willing to prove how tough he is, and usually works as a bouncer at a popular meat market bar, which basically gives him an open license to beat the fuck out of drunk guys.

Hotstuff being acceptable in ROH, but Iceberg not, is a perfect example of how white people have been trained to be multicultural beyond open-mindedness. Iceberg got booed because he had a celtic cross on his back, which nor'easterners thought meant he was white pride, also because he came out to Slayer's "Angel of Death". Any white dude who's fuckin' grown up in the South in the late '80s knows Slayer is fuckin' hardcore, and if you're gonna get a tattoo, a kooky symbol like a celtic cross is way better than your uncle's Speedy Gonzales one, and with as many cool ass brothers as there are with hook-ups to homegrown and a friendly apartment to sit around and get high and play video games for seven hours without anyone getting on your shit, it is self-defeating to be racist in 2003. Hernandez and Iceberg fuckin' destroyed each other in rings for months and months, and are one and the same in the grand scheme of the wrestling, just like Magnum T.A. and Nikita Koloff are, yet the ROH hepcats hated on Iceberg, from entrance appearance alone.

Hotstuff hits an over-the-top dive, and he rules. Devito drops Hernandez on one of the guard rail links and it crushes like it's meant to. Carnage Crew follows that up with a spike piledriver from the top on Mase, and they get their hands raised in accomplishment. Some other fat gay guy comes out and clotheslines them both. Mouth-to-mouth resuscitation is the order of the day, since it's gay guys, and man is wrestling silly. ROH is second only to AAA in active wrestling promotions chock full of homoerotic undertones.

Mark & Jay Briscoe vs. A.J. Styles/The Amazing Red

A.J. Styles & The Amazing Red are my tag team champions, facing off against the Briscoe Brothers, and I expect this to be awesome. I used to hate Red, but he grew on me, not literally, because he's still a tiny little Puerto Rican bastard, but he's gotten way better than the Maximo brothers, who he used to be clumped with. The Briscoes have a tall enough frame, and are young enough, that they could be convinced to take terrible supplements to thicken up in order to become sports entertainment superstars.

A.J. Styles is somebody else I used to hate, mostly because I hate God, but he grew on me, Styles that is, not God. I still believe more in spirits who appreciate big fires under full moons more than I do a cloud-enlaced white dude with a beard way longer than mine who appreciates me dropping dollar bills into gold collection plates, although stained glass windows are pretty dope. By state law in Virginia, you can't have your back or front windshields but so dark, same with the windows by the driver's side and passenger's side, but your back side windows are open game, so I'm getting my wife to make two stained glass windows that I'll put in, but I'll detach the roller handle, so it'll be stuck in all the way up mode. One's gonna have a yellow sun with a red ahnk in the middle, and that exploding into some dark blue and purple stained glass goodness, and the other side's just gonna have The Assassin's mask, stained glass style, and with the outer edges around his head done up in my wife's full-on art degree, crazy, insane style. Believe it or not, there's a woman as retarded as me. One Christmas, all I wanted was for her to sew me a pair of Sabu pants, so she was game, and went to a fabric store in Richmond's downtown Grace Street gay district, and bought some shiny purple shit. The dude was like, "Is this for your Christmas tree wrapping?" And my wife told him it was for pants for me. He asked if I was gay, and she said no. He said, "Well he might be after you make him these pants." And my wife, never one at a loss for words or confidence, answered, "Well at least he'll leave me in a nice pair of pants." Gay fabric store dude gave my wife a high five and my wife never actually made those pants. We ended up using the fabric for Christmas tree skirt, like the gay dude prophesied, and then the cat we got our kid last year shit all over it and rather than wash it and have the purple sparkles wash out, I just threw it away, so now it's at the landfill, which will, like all landfills in the rural South, eventually have a public park with baseball fields and swing sets built over top of it, and that will be one little story amongst the millions buried underneath that field, oozing up to disease our children.

The ROH build-up of kick-outs and counters is great in one sense, but like I said with the Daniels/Williams match, it makes your finish seem dumb after all the shit, unless somebody sets their leg on fire and nails a shining wizard off the basketball goal covered up by the ROH banner. Red flips a rana, but Styles catches whichever Briscoe it was and hits the Styles Clash, and that's rather gymnastic of them dudes.

Jody Fleisch vs. Low Ki

This is the ROH parallel to ECW's Sabu vs. Taz, with the high-flying insaniac philosophically through metaphor and physically in the ring doing battle with the legit super-tough bad ass, for control of the fan's style appreciation. It's really funny how so many indy groups have attempted to imitate ECW for success, and basically just copied them, but by being more original with the

way they run things, ROH has imitated ECW more than anybody else, in ideology rather than Danny Doring and Roadkill bookings. You would be hard-pressed to find a human being who even remotely considers himself a Danny Doring and Roadkill mark, and that's why ROH has been FAR MORE successful than everyone else trying to emulate ECW. That being said, I think a Hack Myers/Homicide match would be pretty entertaining.

Low Ki always looks like a shaved swim team representative from the planet of the apes, who's also an asthmatic when he walks down aisles. Jody Fleisch is already retired, and I remember the first time I ever saw him, not knowing who he was, I still lived in Richmond and was watching public access wrestling and they had some highlights of a Michinoku Pro six-man, and there was Dakko Chan running up the fuckin' wall of the building to hit a moonsault on Great Sasuke, which was without a doubt, the most killer thing I had ever seen at that time. And he hit a running springboard shooting star press as well later in the match. What a rock star, to be retired and half-crippled at age 20. God Bless wrestling. Now everybody can hate him, like they do Jeff Hardy, and Fleisch can make music in a shitty apartment in England, hopefully inspired by Syd Barrett and RJD2 and painkillers and headphones.

Hey! There's that springboard shooting star press I spoke of. Haha, Low Ki's kicks are corny, but I sure did love that one he gave an unsuspecting Fleisch after kicking out of a pin attempt. Ki hits a big spin-kick off the ropes and reverts to Mongoloid asthmatic mode to celebrate. The ROH commentators are killing me. One of these commentators has called every match so far a classic. Fleisch hit some errant shooting star thing that the commentator put over as a piledriver, but looked more like he was going for a sunset flip thing. STOP TELLING ME TO REWIND AND WATCH IN SLOW MOTION YOU FUCK! The Ki Crusher from the top rope was definitely insane, and could've easily ended in tragedy, which makes it awesome wrestling. Low Ki gets the win after that craziness, and the fuckin' commentator calls it a classic, yet again. A woman who gives me an awesome blowjob doesn't need to have somebody else tell me how awesome her blowjob is, and the ROH commentators should shut the fuck up more often. The asthmatic Mongoloid is your winner. Fleisch gets a couple hits of liquid hallucinogenics post-match back in the locker room, does some cartoon sounds with his mouth, and is ready to go. Did they give him some liquid adrenaline, because most shit I take actually has to infiltrate your blood stream or body or whatever? I ain't no scientist though.

CM Punk/Ace Steel vs. Raven/Colt Cabana

CM Punk and Ace Steel both rule and they're together in the ring for a tag match. When they cut the reins loose and let CM Punk talk anti-society shit on the mic, like he's doing here, he's the king. They're facing the unlikely combo of Raven and Colt Cabana. It's the perfect post-sports entertainment mic exchange in the ring, as heel insults the crowd, making them hate him even if they love him, and then face comes out and insults the heel, making the crowd REALLY love him, as their savior, and Raven is over and Punk is under and Ace Steel and Colt Cabana are there because this promotion is workrate oriented. They tease Punk vs. Raven a few times, but we end up with Steel vs. Cabana, no Steel vs. Raven. I dig that nonsense switching stalling of a beginning. Ace Steel takes trashcan lids to the head, which is odd to see.

Props to the so-far shitty commentator for saying “smoking a bowl” because that’s what I understand. But do all these wrestling nerds/ROH cultists smoke weed too? Man, I usually assume people are more laid back when they do that type of stuff, and less likely to chant in unison things nobody really cares about in a larger sense, but maybe I’m too old school and outdated and misplaced in this new-fangled world wide web of social entrapment.

Props to Raven for hitting CM Punk and Ace Steel with that trashcan. Cabana goes for a moonsault from the top rope to the outside, and he immediately starts screaming like a bitch, and being this is ROH and the commentators immediately picked up on this, I’m sure Colt Cabana is okay and it’s all swervy chicanery; but I do respect trying to out-trick the trick-savvy smart fan. Punk elbows a table that Raven moves off of, then Raven hits the DDT on Steel for the victoiree. And after Raven DDTs Steel a few times, Punk talks Cabana into turning on Raven and they all give the \$1500 a night man a beat down.

Wow, Julius Smokes is cutting a promo and this is the greatest manager promo ever, considering this is the hip hop generation and bullshit. Smokes would roll up on your porch to smoke a blunt, but ask you, “Are you a cop?” beforehand, believing that old urban myth that cops aren’t allowed to lie like the pieces of shit they are to trick you into doing illegalities right before their own corrupt eyes. Smokes skyrockets to number two, only behind Jeff G. Bailey, on the bastard manager charts, immediately, which says something for how little used quality managers are nowadays.

Samoa Joe vs. Xavier

This here is our main event, with Samoa Joe challenging for the ROH title from Xavier, and that Allison Danger chick makes me realize what Vince McMahon should realize, and that’s natural cleavage is so much sexier than silicone-enhanced cleavage. It’s not the amount as much as the way it appears, and big fake tits are like big fake matches – not nearly as enjoyable as putting your mouth on something far more realistic. I dig the graffiti arrow on the end of the “R” at the end of Xavier’s trunks. Michael Shane and C.W. Anderson metaphysically appear, camera-wise, to take out Danger and C. Diddy Daniels, to make it just Samoa Joe and Xavier for this match. A bunch of shit happened that I was zoning out too much to comment upon, but Xavier having his skinny ass find the strength for a release German suplex on Samoa Joe was impressive. It’s pretty wild how RF Video noticed how tape trading fans are obsessive and have the commentators make mention of things, subversively, within the context of the ROH show. Rob Feinstein is one helluva capitalist. Samoa Joe knees the fuck out of Xavier’s head and slaps on a casahajanaynay, and Xavier drops his arm three times in a row and that’s that. Joe shakes the hand of a limp body.

Raven cuts a locker room promo on Punk, and the older he gets, the weirder he looks. C. Diddy cuts a promo as well, that makes tape buying seem like watching TV on a Saturday morning, and I see why the dorks get hooked on stupid shit like this. But the great thing about capitalist obsessiveness is that if you take a few months off, it no longer seems as life-supporting. And the tape closes with a Steve Corino promo, but those come a dime a dozen, so who cares.

EPILOGUE

FIRST STAR OF THE TAPE: Samoa Joe. The motherfucker is not only awesome in the stiff indy style of sadomasochism today, but he's got a pudgy belly like an old school beer drinker, partly because he's Samoan. That means he's related to The Rock's grandfather and was once managed by Sir Oliver Humperdink in a grade school spelling bee.

SECOND STAR OF THE TAPE: Doug Williams. Big and strong and agile, he's Britain's Mike Awesome circa 1998, except more Andy Cappish.

THIRD STAR OF THE TAPE: CM Punk. If this so-called straight edge dude cared to be, then he'd be the most marketable sports entertainment number two or three heel in a while. Vincent K. McSteroid's machine has encouraged and generated fans who don't care about authority or a drug-free lifestyle. Look at the women – all fake. Stone Cold – a drunk anti-authoritarian. The Undertaker – getting over as a biker who don't give a shit. Punk could, as the self-important and self-righteous heel, be so easily attacked by disgruntled fans it'd be money all over the place. Except two things: Vince ain't about making money, he's about tweaking people's morals; and Punk ain't about sports entertaining, he's about old school (to a certain extent) wrestling, so my drunk ass gives him love.

~!~

~!~ SINGLES GOING STEADY ~!~

~!~

Dr. Wagner Jr./Blue Panther/Fuerza Guerrerra/Juventud Guerrerra vs. Shocker/Mascara Magica/ Black Warrior/Mr. Niebla - EMLL (3/8/02, aired 3/20/02 – Thanks Cubs!)
(by PHIL RIPPA)

Oh fuck yeah. This is one of them there matches were you think "There is no way that this could be bad. Deliver me sweet lucha. Deliver from my pains of the world." And it does and does and does and does. Well except from the pain of realizing that you never purchased the fucking amazingly outstanding combo Dr. Wagner/Blue Panther/Fuerza masks. You suck.

Everyone – and I mean everyone, including the 2002 Juventud Guerrera - is fired up and this starts kicking your ass in three seconds flat. Fuerza looks fucking amazing early and he has tassles on his boots so we all know that Dean changed his pants upon first viewing.

The rudos have started the beatdown early and it's on like neckbone (or whatever the hell Stevie Ray used to say) and that is the front half of your first caida until suddenly Shocker goes crazy on Juventud and he TRANSITIONS~! to offense by throwing those punches that would make 98% of the WWE roster hang their heads in shame. Juventud taps into those memories of the drug deal gone wrong and he takes and takes and takes his ass-whipping. And then Black Warrior rips off Wagner's mask and the first caida is over and the tecnicos don't care. They continue their assault – including the fun BW choking Wagner with his own mask. You might as well call this rudo v. rudo There is no going back. BW, Magica, Niebla, Shocker – their hearts have been blackened.

The brawling in caida number two has picked up in intensity tenfold and everyone is bleeding and ripping masks and partaking in general mayhem. Fuerza takes over the match declaring himself World's Greatest Grumpy Papi and you – the lucha viewer – believe for every second that Fuerza is wrestling like a fucking God. Which isn't that hard to do when you watch the fucking balls to the wall knees into the corner that elder Guerrero is dishing out. There are few things on this green Earth better than an enraged, grumpy Fuerza Guerrero.

The part the kids were waiting for shows up as the good Doctor eats a Black Warrior tope into the first row. But then, Mascara Magica – he of the most unfortunate hair in this match – declares for all the lucha world to hear. “YOUR TOPE MEANS NOTHING BLACK WARRIOR! I WILL SHOW YOU HOW IT IS DONE! QUIVER IN MY TOPE GREATNESS! NOT GOD!!! ME!!!!!!!!!!!!!! (Okay, that was probably paraphrased and plagiarized a great deal but you understand the fucking point when Magica really does out tope BW.)

The match is over and just when you think “Well, shit, that was them there some enjoyable wrestling”, the rudos win your heart by taunting the huge Black Warrior cheering section by ripping up the BW mask and using it to shine their shoes. Man, these are the matches that can make you fall in love with wrestling all over again.

There is plenty about this match that you need to see that I haven't even mentioned. I mean, I haven't even mentioned Mr. Niebla and he looks great – bumping like a freak and more than willing to get his hands dirty with his opponents blood. Shit – I could have written this entire review about how entertaining Mascara Magica was. Just buy Schneider Comp #20 and watch it for yourself.

PEDRO MORALES vs. BLACK GORDMAN

(by ANTHONY GANCARSKI)

Old PR match from IWA-Total Impact. Morales sells punches interestingly, with a lot of the Terry Funk stagger. Gordman kicks Morales in the face, and Morales sells that a lot like Ric Flair -- good stuff. This picks up when it goes Into The Crowd, despite a lack of juice, but ends undramatically as a DOUBLE DISQUALIFICATION. Oh my.

New York Royal Rumble – WWF Madison Square Garden (1/17/94 – Handheld)

(by PHIL RIPPA)

This is one of those there hidden Royal Rumbles. Like that Meadowlands War Games match that Bix thinks is the greatest in the history of guys with tights despite it having One Man Gang and King Kong Bundy or Zeus or the Final Solution – you know one of those guys who probably had one of those wrestling heart attacks by now. Why I am reviewing a second rumble is beyond me considering how torturous they are. Fuck – I could just repost my old review. It's not like you fucking people care or would even notice the difference. I guess the big difference is that on this tape you get to hear Howard Finkel shilling tickets for Wrestlemania X. Just so you know this was held like a week before the 94 Royal Rumble that was the tie between Bret and Lex Luger. There ya go – historical context.

Ooof – this handheld is going to drive me mad. Oh well. Off we go. I honestly don't think I watched this match since I actually got the tape other than in fast forward so who knows who might actually show up in this match (though sadly no Tenryu, Carlos Colon or Great Kabuki.) Numbers are obviously order of entry. They claim that the time is every 2 minutes – no clue if that was actually held to.

1) Diesel – Well now. I think we all know where this is going. You can play along at home. Figure out how many folks he's going to toss while getting the monster push here.

2) Mo – maybe he will do the Mo moonsault just to really ruin this match. The rap before the match lasts longer than Mo's actual time in the ring. I actually wish I could see the countdown clock because I get the feeling it was running during this nonsense.

Yeah kids – this two minutes is about as ugly as its possibly going to get. Whoever said "Let's start the match with these two doing a collar and elbow lockup" needed to get fired quicker than any comical mistake Mike Graham ever made. Mo's elimination is even botched as his foot gets caught in the ropes as he is dumbed so he just kinda dangles there like a fool who got himself caught in a cougar trap until Nash manages to untie him so he can go sit on his fat ass in the back.

3) Bushwacker Butch – the standard bushwack into the ring, immediately get bushwacked right to the back. The kids love that spot. Oh wait.... I typed too soon. They actually give Butch some comedy offense before getting tossed. That was odd. I think Nash always liked the getting bit on his ass spot so he made sure to work it in here.

4) 1-2-3 Kid – Kid is selling his injuries from the match before which I appreciate. This is definitely the lets slowly feed Nash folks as to not expose his cardio. (I miss the days when I could make the Mark "The Shark" Shraeder joke and folks would understand. RIP MCW.) Boy the mullet toupee that Diesel has going in this match is really unsettling.

5) Scott Steiner – Kid got tossed right before Steiner comes out but Steiner's arrival should single the end of the Diesel run.

Diesel bum rushes Steiner before Scott hits the ring to give him the advantage. So you get two minutes of a typical Nash match. Push back the hair, frame the face, boot in the corner, shitty ass clothesline. And hey – look at that Steiner and Diesel both guy through the middle rope and brawl on the outside. These are the longest two minutes of my life. The botched Tiger Driver by Steiner right before #6 hits the ring is entertaining.

6) Iron Mike Sharpe – Hey – it's NY, this should have been expected. He is gone before I could even finish typing that last sentence.

God – Steiner and Diesel really are having the worst Scott Norton vs. Masa Saito match ever in the interim.

7) Samu – Hey now, a Headshrinker. I kinda always liked them but I don't think this will lead to anything that is suddenly going to salvage this hoot-a-nanny.

8) Bob Backlund – This is the happy face Backlund period. Backlund also provides the first "highlight" of the match as he slides into the ring and immediately (and blatantly) calls a spot. 4 guys in the ring now.

9) Jeff Jarrett – Douhle J isn't afraid to bring quality punches and daylight showing kicks to this event. Wow – those kicks were bad.

Man – we really need to get some people with the ability to work a quality battle royal into this ring. Samu is the one left working the crowd during the false eliminations. That means, we the fans, are the losers.

10) Virgil – God, I forgot the dreks that were in the WWF at this time. Since it's Virgil and not Vincent or Curly Bill – I don't have much hope or will to live.

11) Bam Bam Bigelow – I thought Triple B might be the guy to clear out some of the dead weight but alas no flurry of elimination occurs.

12) Randy Savage – Well, if Savage's entry doesn't lead to a 100 guys getting dumped, you might as well just send everyone into the ring.

Here we go – Diesel out, Jarrett out... oh that's it. I guess they decided that six is their magic number in this one.

13) Adam Bomb – Hey let's interject Bryan Clarke in the mix, that will really make this baby hum.

14) Sergeant Slaughter – At least he helped dump Adam Bomb.

So far I would say the best performance so far is by Bam Bam Bigelow but that's only because the crowd seems to like the accidental head butt spots that he and Samu or Fatu – fuck which Headshrinker did I say was in this?... Umm... Samu were setting up.

15) Crush – Hey, I know what's even better than Bryan Clarke. Let's put Bryan Adams in the match. At least, he goes right after Savage to continue to promote that feud. He also dumps Steiner so my loathing for Crush at the moment is going down as he is moving this along.

BTW – I am starting to get that Savage eliminates himself feelings toward the match. And Slaughter just did the corner post bump and DIDN'T get eliminated. What sort of ass backwards booking is that.

16) Mabel – Oh God Lord. This won't be pretty but he is either taking the entire ring with him or they are all dumping him out.

Actually – suddenly Crush has gotten the monster push as he has tossed Savage (this sets up Face revenge when Wrestlemania X returns to MSG – hey look at that.) He then gets Triple B out on the reversing the body slam spot thingy. And Slaughter goes out this time on the corner post bump so I will take that to believe he botched the spot the first go around

17) Jim Powers – He got fed to Mabel. Figuratively not literally.

18) Bastion Booger – I was trying to think of something whitty but it's early and everyone is tossing Mabel (with Backlund also getting dumped because he forgot to keep his balance and stay in the ring.)

Somehow this has gotten down to Samu vs. Crush with the 19th spot about to enter.

19) Bushwacker Luke – This really is a comedy of errors. Luke comes in and ducks the charge by Samu which should eliminate Samu – but the poor little Headshrinker gets his head caught in the ropes. That mucked things up for a moment. Then Crush whiffs on a clothesline to Luke by a good foot.

Anyway – repeat exactly what you saw with Diesel and Butch just replacing the names. Crush gets about 30 seconds of posing before #20 enters. And yes, they got Samu's fat head out of the ring ropes.

20) Owen Hart – just a side note, I am going so sick of Word and its fucking autoformatting. Stupid jakked up review. Anyhoo – Owen still hasn't turned on Bret yet so the crowd is giddy.

21) Rick Martel – the model makes his appearance right as Owen is threatening to dump Crush. I take the moment to reflect about how shitty Martel's career ending injury was because I was so into his participation in trying to capture the TV Title. Remember when you wanted to see Title matches in WCW. Misty watered colored memories.

22) Bret Hart – Hmmm... I can't imagine there being any sort of miscommunication between Bret and Owen in this match. No not at all.

Aww... there is a riot in the crowd and the handheld operator disappoints the masses by not seeking it out. Dammit – Bret does a bastardized version of skin the cat to eliminate Crush.

23) Irwin R. Schyster – Eh – Mike Rotundo. Whatever.

24) Johnny Polo – I think he was supposed to get tossed right away and he blow the spot. He makes up for it by bumping like a freak and working circles around everyone.

There has been lots of Owen and Bret saving each other and working as team. My cynical side is saying bad things are afoot.

25) Scott Putski – Hey, he liked Ollie’s website or vision. I never got a straight answer on that one.

26) Fatu – FYI – I might have mixed up the Samoans as the camera is far away and grainy and everyone’s got a big ass. I mean junk in the trunk is fine but it doesn’t not help with hitting curve ball. Wait – that isn’t right... Nevermind.

27) Marty Jannetty – This match as had a big batch of tassles and not a big batch of eliminations. Sweet merciful Crap, this is dragging. Eight guys in the ring. I really hope they don’t max out the ring before people leave.

28) Bart Gunn – the man who would be Mike Burton (not Mark Burton as I first wrote. Lord, I am a fool) pisses me off right away by eating a great looking thrust kick from Fatu and no selling it. No talent bastard.

Yeah – Johnny Polo so should have been in this thing from the start. He is by far the star of this rumble. Yeah Scott – enjoy that Pat Patterson hate. I am starting to ramble. No one wins.

29) Shawn Michaels – isn’t that sweet, he and Jannetty absolutely lay into each other. See, at least once every 5843 minutes in this match, it serves its purpose. That was a fun 8 seconds.

30) Doink – Yup – Doink is number 30. I yearn for the days of the Warlord at number 30. I am just filling space. Maybe I should have done this as a running journal. I could have messed up the Paul Pierce dicking sucking joke again.

Jannetty got eliminated right when Doink hit the ring and Polo just went too. Putski is finally gone (courtesy of Fatu). That leaves... Owen & Bret Hart, Rick Martel – no wait, Martel got tossed. Damn IRS ruining that train of thought. Okay – Owen & Bret Hart, Shawn Michaels, Fatu, Doink, Bart Gunn and IRS. Yeesh – what a montley crew. Well – you knew it was going to be Hart, Hart and Michaels as three of the final four. The winner of the fourth slot is... FATU~!

The grab a partner breaks into Bret vs. Fatu and Owen vs. Michaels. Micheals ties Owen to the tree of woe and then sneaks up and eliminates Bret while claiming he knew nothing about Montreal. Whoops – kayfabe from the future. Owen gets beat on by Fatu, who gets the upper hand due to the power of the stereotypical head. Scott Hall suddenly makes an appearance; the Boy Toy is distracted long enough to get himself dropkicked out of the ring. And the middle rope is now broken. Which actually leads to a neat spot as Owen chokes out Fatu. Both Headshrinkers are on camera just to thoroughly confuse me. That means Bret is back out. Actually, this turned into a fun little singles match with each guy having a second. And shockingly, the MSG crowd is still into the match.

Fatu misses a charge into the corner. Owen with the diving headbutt. Fatu with the double thrust chops. Fatu gets caught going up top. Fatu does the 360 spin sell of a clothesline. Fatu eliminates himself early in a blow finish. Oh well. Aww... no Bret hogging the spotlight. I am disappointed.

ALEXIS SMIRNOFF/IVAN KOLOFF (w/ ROCK HUNTER) vs. TONY ATLAS/KEVIN SULLIVAN:
(by ANTHONY GANCARSKI)

Something fitting about Atlas and Sullivan defending America's honor. Atlas had a million dollar body and a ten cent moveset, but Koloff and Smirnoff are so good -- fluid. lots of tagouts, tight snapmares -- that it doesn't matter. Sullivan was superb here, with some high-flyin' dropkicks and the type of ringwork he did consistently early in his career. Boston Battler Sullivan falls prey in the end to the DREADED ETHER CLOTH. I watched this match after watching a chunk of IWA-MS, and realized exactly why IWA-MS leaves me cold. There's no heat, no drama, and sooooooooooooooooo many shoot mike segments. All shoot means to me at this point is that the workers are so fucking bland that they can't sustain illusion. If that is the case, why the hell do they wrestle professionally?

BLOND BOMBERS (WAYNE FARRIS/LARRY LATHAM) vs. BILL DUNDEE/TONY BOYLES:
(by ANTHONY GANCARSKI)

1980 MEMPHO, built around the fifteen minute time limit. Good heel work by Honky and the Moondog. Lance Russell hyped Boyles well beyond his capabilities throughout this match, which drags just a little bit until the Bombers isolate Boyles and end the match with the stuff piledriver. Danny Davis here as manager doing the 'military' shtick later used by Paul Jones and Jim Cornette is likewise an amusing diversion.

SAMOANS vs. QUICK DRAW RICK MCGRAW/RENE GOULET:
(by ANTHONY GANCARSKI)

This WWF tag was at the zenith of Afa and Sika's monster heel push, yet somewhat improbably is booked [and treated by announcers VKM and Bruno] as a competitive tag. The white people gain advantage early with a mini-clinic of 80s tag stuff [deep armdrags and Brunzellesque dropkicks from the runty, doomed McGraw], then ethnically cleanse ['clear'] the ring of API. Then, as if anticipating John Cena, double-handed low fives and a buttbump. The mongrel horde from the South Seas came in and wrested the advantage from the wily Frenchman and his muscle-bound sidekick, perhaps exploiting the unique 'dynamic' between the two. McGraw lays down, and even after the bell, the Samoans take liberties, and not in a way that could be construed as enjoyable, even in the sense that bad weather is enjoyable. So, naturally, perennial job boy Rene Goulet "clears the ring" of the south seas savages. The lesson here for students of world affairs: the French can be relied upon to save the US's ass in world affairs, just as long as they are booked to appear important. VKM and realpolitik, with a heavy dose of Rene-mania, make this match worth seeing.

AFA, SIKA, HIGH CHIEF MAIVIA vs. ATLAS, PUTSKI, PATTERSON: 2 of 3 falls, 1980 WWF.
(by ANTHONY GANCARSKI)

Maivia's inspired heeling carries this flaccid flabfest as far as it can go with this reviewer. The Patterson/Maivia segments are good sports entertainment; the rest, not to my taste.

EAGLE PRO CRUISERWEIGHT TOURNEY 7/23/2000- Black Hole I/ Black Hole II (CROWN)
vs King Leo/ Milky Way Soldier (CROWN)
(by DEAN RASMUSSEN)

"IIIIIIIIII was a BROKEN MAN! I had nowhere to turn.... I fell onto my bed, my face in my hands, tears.... streaming down my face... as she LEFT THE ONLY ONE WHO EVER LOVED HER! She was a honkeytonk angel who gave up... the only one who ever loved her.... and turned back to the wild.... side of life...."

"Fucking CROM, Milky Way, if I ever hear you refer to a Hank Thompson song that isn't 'Six Pack To Go', I swear to Mithra that I will kill you with THIS axe."

The axe weighed 80 pounds and the blade was the size of a hood of a small foreign car, the steel glistening in the midday sun- as the blood of the recently slain had not had time to dry.

"Well I should put an arrow through your forehead for CONTINUALLY cursing in Robert E Howard theological terms. I'm talking about LOVE GONE WRONG! I am here in the wasteland, WE are here- two men without women- and I confide my inner agony of losing my beloved Tiffany to her own wilder ways and all you can do is pick at my inner song- my inner poetry- that deals with my loss via a 1950s country and western song."

"Well, she's not here to acquit herself with the Kitty Wells response song so let it rest. And this Tiffany you speak of never left the wild side of life. Gull-NOR the hideous troll useta freak on that rump til the morning light behind your back. So to speak."

"Leo, usurped king and loser of a thousand kingdoms, don't make me take off my heels and shove my leather-gloved fist up your roided out ass."

"I.... I.... I don't know if I should be scared or intrigued. And I was kidding about Gull-NOR. He was a true friend and fine battle companion. He felched your dad though."

"By the Eye of Aggamoto, I swear that I will kill you before it's all over. And then I will reenact Naughty Substitute Teacher pornography scenarios with your mom. AGAIN!"

"I don't think I will need your help killing me. If we don't find something to eat in this Bran Mak Morn-forsaken land, I'm gonna start eating my own hands."

"Oh shit, you should have said something. I got a bag of corn-dodgers and some whiskey off the Picts we killed back yonder. I know I fuckin told you about it. Here."

"Oh shit. Thanks. I got a story to tell you about the last time I drank moonshine whiskey off somebody I had just killed. The lining of my mouth STILL isn't completely healed."

"Was it the whiskey or the clamidia from one of your worn out whores?"

"No, I doused your sister in rubbing alcohol before I fucked her. I should be good to go."

"I should have thought of having your dad gargle with that last week. I been itchin like a banshee."

"That's why mom left him, he and your brother were- wait....."

"what?"

"shhh. you smell that?"

"Yeah, I figured it was you being repulsive again."

"No human can make that smell, not even your brother's cooch."

"What do you think it is? Blackholes?"

"I would guess."

"I'm guessing right over the horizon."

They hide behind a giant red cedar tree that belonged to a now flayed hobbit. The Blackholes walk into view. King Leo turns to Milky Way Soldier.

"Crom. Those fuckers creep me out. The smell, the arms, the snot, the crooked teeth, the endless spewing of Celtic Frost lyrics...."

"No shit."

The clean-shaven Blackhole belches a monstrous belch and poots a hideous poot. Blackhole #2 is completely repulsed. They are not friends. They are cousins.

"{Goddammit Tommy, can you give that shit a rest.} Serenades of opposition, absurdity, humans fate and hope, true reflections of community - procreation of the gods and lords."

"{Fuck you, Wayne.} See the portal, gate to madness locked forever in a veil of shame."

"{I see a fat disgusting pig who farts twenty-four hours a day.} In the nuclear domain, arcades lost in eternal skies written by the insane."

"{Ah, fuck you and why don't you do something with that hair. I could fry a fucking pot roast with that much grease.} In the land of darkness, the warrior- that was me, grotesque glory. None will ever see them fall and hunts and war are like everlasting shadows."

"{Hey, you smell something?} Dull is my mind, captive of illusion, remaining awake is just dust?"

"{How the fuck could I miss it? It's worse that the bog coming out of your cornhole.} Winds emerge from the east, deep dark water moves even the cold moon eclipses when they adore the dog-faced-beast."

"{Fuckin' humans... THERE BEHIND THE TREE!} What will the wind bring these days? The smell of self-deception? Masses of dullness, a spiral cage as they ride on visual aggression!"

King Leo's eyes are saucerwide as he turns to Milky Way Soldier and they steel for combat!
"C'mon, you fat motherfuckers! Come GITCHA SOME!"

King Leo raises his awesome axe and swiftly hacks off one the seven arms of Blackhole #2!
"{HAHAHA! Is that all you got, motherfucker?} Don't ask for another messiah; no martyr will save the stupid (again). Is truth what you believe? A prophet's tears will dry..."

Blackhole #1 clubs with a forearm and body slams the Milky Way Soldier. "OOF"

"{There's more where that came from, human SCUM!} Once prayed to my gods, searching for the whistled memories, empty eyes are staring now, to my feet a land of SORROW!"

King Leo gets stomped by the elephantine legs of Blackhole #2. "Mother of Mitra, Milky Way! Fall back. Use a flare!"

Milky Way shoots a flare into the air and blinds the Blackholes momentarily, allowing Leo and his friend to get behind a nearby rock. "What the fuck? These guys are fucking FREAKS. Goddam, I hate Blackholes. I fuckin' hate them."

"Hey Leo, maybe we can confuse them. Did you ever own any Celtic Frost?"

"Well, my friend Bruce had all of it- even the Hellhammer. We would ride around in his toyota and listen to it while vandalizing things."

"Well, why don't I shoot another flare and just scream out whatever you remember and use a high-pitched voice so it will sound like a Blackhole and we'll be in. We'll cut them up while they try to figure out what's going on."

"Eh, anything's better than those two stomping on my groin again."

The Blackholes lumber into the area, having easily picked up the scent of the humans and having also regained their vision. Milky Way Soldier ties two flare arrows together and FIRES THEM RIGHT BETWEEN THEM!

"Quick RUN FOR THEM!"

"{AH! It's a TRAP!} Lend me your steel-bearing hand, so I may reign the Jewel Throne!"

King Leo thinks of any Celtic Frost he can remember! "Oh subjects of pain Lovers of death! You will feel the yearning flames! {I have a fat bottom! The cabinet is righteous!}"

The Black Holes are confused. "{I have a fat bottom? The cabinet is righteous????} Oh subjects of pain Lovers of death? You will feel the yearning flames?????????"

"{Yeah, what the fuck is going on?} Inverted horizons, denied truth and blinded eyes! The Titans arise, the monuments fall, we cannot halt?"

Milky Way Soldier freezes up and can only remember words to songs on Cold Lake. "Ah FUCK! This CAN'T be happening. "Into Crypt of... of... FUCK FUCK FUCK! FUCK! Oh well, here we go..."

He cups his mouth and screams as King Leo wacks another arm off of BlackHole #1. "Cherry Orchards. Ginger looks upon pain.

Cherry Orchards. August fades like tears in vain. {My mother doth mount THE GOAT! Red skies at night!}"

"BLASPHEMER!!! {BLASPHEMER!!!}"

"Aw fuck, Milky Way. you done fucked up now." The Blackholes become ENRAGED! and rip blindly in the air like huge hulking dervishes, spinning and protracting their claws, screaming an ungodly Tom G Warrior Solo Of A scream.

"Fuck the bullshit, Leo..."

"Yeah, fuck the bullshit. RUN!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

NEXT TIME (before 12/31/03): NOAH, A NEW JAPAN PPV, SOME MYSTERY USWA and other possibilites (TORYUMON, 2003 G1, Requests???)

THE DEATH VALLEY DRIVER VIDEO REVIEW

- A Variable Number of Fists in the Face of Wrestling -